

# Newport Mercury

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## Local Matters

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Next Sunday afternoon the people of Newport will have a rare opportunity of listening to an excellent concert at the Colonial Theatre, and at the same time aiding a worthy cause. The concert will be under the auspices of the Lions Club of Newport and is for the purpose of raising funds to defray the deficit in the income of the Henderson Home for Aged Men. Since the establishment of the Home, the great increase in the cost of living has made the expense of the institution greater than the income and the Lions Club have taken upon themselves the duty of raising money to meet the deficit.

The concert itself promises to be delightful. The Newport Symphony Orchestra, under Ray Groff, has volunteered its services, and will add one more to the list of successes that it has scored here since its formation. A number of soloists of wide reputation will assist. The management of the Colonial Theatre have very kindly given the use of the building for this occasion.

The Public Utilities Commission of Rhode Island has granted the petition of the Newport Electric Corporation for permission to operate a bus line on Broadway during the progress of work on that street. The petition for a permanent bus line through Thames street and other parts of the city will be acted upon next week. Some opposition is promised from the jitney men of Newport, who fear that their business will be interfered with. It is not impossible that the Newport & Providence Railway may interpose an objection, as the local cars of that system would be seriously injured by the establishment of the proposed bus service.

Redwood Lodge, Knights of Pythias, one of the oldest fraternal organizations of the city, but which has been rather quiet for the last few years, is taking on a new lease of life under Chancellor Commander Joseph Bouley. Many new members have been taken in, and a proposition is on foot to revive the Uniform Rank.

The new addition to the Elks Home on Bellevue avenue was brought into use for the first time on Thursday evening, when the installation ceremonies were held in the new Lodge Room. There was a large attendance.

The annual inspection of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., will take place next Monday evening, District Deputy Grand Master Augustus F. Rose being the inspecting officer.

The old Torpedo boat Morris, one of the first of this type of craft to be adopted by the United States Navy, has gone to Philadelphia where she will be scrapped.

St. George's School reopened on Wednesday after the spring vacation.

## ODD FELLOWS TO CELEBRATE

Plans are being made for the celebration of the 105th anniversary of Odd Fellowship. The members of Rhode Island and Excelsior Lodges, I. O. F., of Newport and Oakland Lodge of Portsmouth, and the Esther and Emma Rebekah Lodges of Newport, and Sarah Rebekah Lodge of Portsmouth will attend the services at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church on April 27. The celebration will be held on Friday, May 2. At six o'clock a parade, headed by the Municipal Band, with Senator Arthur A. Sherman as Marshal, will proceed over the streets of Newport. Many Odd Fellows will be in line and a number of floats attractively decorated will also be seen. At 8 o'clock an entertainment and dance will be held at Masonic Temple on School street. The Mordelia Trio, a violinist, pianist and an artist on the accordion, will be heard in songs, readings and instrumental selections. Herbert Clark, a comedian of high calibre, and Augusta Cooper, a soloist will also be heard. Refreshments will be served, after which Ray Groff's orchestra will furnish music for dancing from 10 until 1 o'clock.

## BROADWAY WORK

Work on Broadway is now progressing with considerable rapidity. big steam shovel has been put at work on different sections of the road. The big steam shovel has been put at work at Lake's Corner and is taking out the present surface to a depth of seven inches to give place to the concrete pavement. The rails of the car company have been tamped in with crushed stone for a considerable distance and that portion is ready for the concrete. Excavations are also being made for the new poles to support the decorative system of electric lighting that is to be installed on that street, and the change is expected to make a great improvement in the appearance of that section of the city, the removal of wires being a distinct step forward. The trolley wires will, of course, have to remain, but all others are expected to go under ground.

Many people are still emphatic in their opinion that the new pavement cannot stand up unless a foundation is laid, but it appears that the only attempt at a foundation is that beneath the trolley tracks.

## REV. R. R. WHITE RESIGNS

Rev. Robert R. White will retire from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of this city on May 1, and proposes to enjoy a rest for a time from the very trying duties of his position. Announcement of his action was made at the morning service at the church last Sunday, and his request will be presented to the Presbytery of Providence on April 15.

Rev. Mr. White has been minister of the First Presbyterian Church since January, 1919, and has made a host of friends in Newport. Under his ministry the mortgage on the church has been paid off, and much success has attended him here. Mrs. White has also taken great interest in civic affairs, being president of the Current Topics Club, and a member of other organizations. Both Mr. and Mrs. White will be greatly missed.

The lobster season opens next Tuesday, and an unusually large number of pots are ready to be set at midnight. Many local men have been granted licenses to take lobsters for the ensuing year, and it is expected that the catch will be rather better than it was last year. Owing to the scarcity last season the price remained very high all summer.

At the annual assembly of the Grand Council of Rhode Island, Royal and Select Masters, held in Providence on Tuesday, Mr. Benjamin F. Downing of this city was elected Grand Principal Conductor of the Work, which is the third office in the Grand Council.

Coal has taken a drop of 75 cents a ton in Newport.

## HIGHWAY WORK BEGUN

Street Commissioner Sullivan has his men and machines out for the season's work on the streets, and a busy time is ahead for them. There is hardly a street in the city that is not in need of repairs of a more or less extensive nature, while some of them, by vote of the council, will be entirely rebuilt.

One gang of men is at work on Ocean Drive, where ordinary repairs will be made in some sections and in others there will be more extensive improvement. On Bellevue avenue curb-setters are at work in preparation for the entire rebuilding of that important highway.

Some of the streets that have been recently rebuilt are in just as bad condition as they were before they were touched last spring. Malbone avenue is a conspicuous example. This street was closed to traffic for several weeks last summer, while it was being re-surfaced, but the holes there this year threaten to wreck the springs of every car that passes over them. The present system of building streets in Newport is apparently wholly inadequate to resist the wear of auto traffic and the effects of frost. Much of the highway department money is absolutely thrown away.

## REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The representative council will meet next Monday evening for the purpose of electing a city treasurer to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John M. Taylor. Names of many possible candidates have been mentioned, but several have announced that they would not be contestants. Miss Alice Leonard, who has been deputy city treasurer for a number of years, is still in the field, and it is possible that opposition will fail to materialize when the council meets. On the other hand, it is possible that there may be several counter nominations at the last minute.

There will be several other matters of considerable importance to come before the council at this time, if there should be a quorum—and there generally is a quorum when there is a salaried office to be filled. A resolution to issue \$150,000 in serial bonds for the Broadway and Bellevue avenue pavements will be considered. The Listerated Gum Company has a petition for exemption from taxation of certain property for a period of ten years, and there is a petition for the printing of the Cummings report. Several petitions for amendment to the zoning law will also come up for consideration.

Mrs. Thomas C. Weaver, who died at Hollis, Long Island, last Saturday, was well known in Newport, being a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George H. Draper, and a sister of Mr. George Harry Draper and of Mrs. David McKenzie. She is survived by her husband, who was a former Newporter, and two sons. She had been in poor health for a long time. The remains were brought to this city for interment.

The annual meeting of the Unity Club was held on Tuesday evening, a delightful program of music being rendered after the business session. The election of officers resulted in the choice of Mr. William H. Holt as president, William Stevens vice president, Henry C. Wilkinson second vice president, and Raymond Lawton treasurer.

The athletes of Kolah Grotto were cleaned up in Fall River last Saturday evening, Azab Grotto winning all the scheduled events, with the exception of the bowling contests which were awarded to Kolah. The local Prophets spent a very enjoyable evening in spite of their loss of victory.

Important changes in the running schedule of the New York, New Haven and Hartford trains between Newport, Fall River, Providence and Boston, are to be made this month. On the whole, the indications are that the service will be improved, the running time generally being shortened.

## BOARD OF ALDERMEN

Following the weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the members held a long executive conference with City Engineer Easton in regard to the Bellevue avenue pavement. Specifications for that roadway have not yet been issued, but if anything is to be done this year it will be necessary to have them approved within a short time.

There was much business for the board to consider in open session. A protest was received from the jitney operators, through their counsel, Mr. F. P. Nolan, against allowing the Newport Electric Corporation to operate a bus line through Thames street. It was pointed out that not only would the business of the hackney and jitney men be injured, but that the bus would be a great detriment to traffic on narrow Thames and Spring streets because of its great size. The board voted to instruct the city solicitor to oppose the petition of the Electric Corporation at the public hearing that is to be held by the Public Utilities Commission in Providence next week.

The police department had considerable to offer in regard to department automobiles. In the first place, the present patrol, which has been in service for nine years, was pronounced a danger to those who are compelled to ride in it, as well as being expensive to keep up, having been in the repair shop a large part of the time. Then Chief Sweeney reported that the department needed a machine of its own. Chief Tobin had his own private car which he used almost wholly for police business, but since his death the department had had no car available. The matter was referred to the representative council.

A resolution providing for the publishing of the city manuals was referred to the representative council.

## SUPERIOR COURT

Monday was motion day for April, and the docket was looked over and some cases assigned for trial in June. A few motions were heard. There was also a hearing in the case of Jessie Margaret Budlong vs. Milton J. Budlong, on motion for allowance and witness fees as well as to restrain respondent from selling his Newport property, "The Reef." Both Mr. and Mrs. Budlong took the stand and both were cross-examined rather closely by the counsel for the other. The Court granted an order of \$750 a month for Mrs. Budlong.

The case of John D. Doyle vs. John Ralph was resumed on Tuesday, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for possession and one dollar damages. This involved the boundary line of property on Simmons street.

On Wednesday the jury heard the case of Walter L. Nordling vs. William Starr Miller, an action on book account to recover for gasoline delivered on order of chauffeurs. After hearing testimony for the plaintiff the Court granted the motion of counsel for the defendant and ordered a non-suit on the ground that there was no evidence to involve Mr. Miller. The next case was Newport National Bank vs. Charles L. Munroe, to recover a balance due on a check that had been cashed for the defendant and which had proved to be worthless. There was no testimony for the defendant and the Court directed a verdict for the plaintiff for \$881.92.

On Thursday the session of the Court was devoted to a trial of the case of Walter J. D. Bullock vs. Philip Albert, to recover for a trade in cows. The transaction was somewhat mixed, but after the witnesses had been heard, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for \$150. A number of cases have been entered as settled this week, and much progress has been made in clearing up the congested docket.

Mrs. William S. Sims gave a very interesting talk on the work and play of the Girl Scouts, before the Lions Club at its weekly luncheon on Thursday.

## MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

### Public Health Committee

The regular monthly meeting of the Red Cross Public Health Committee for April was held at the Berkeley Parish House. Mr. James R. Chase, the Chairman, presided.

It is planned to give an entertainment in May, at which time it is hoped that the two films, "Working for Dear Life," and "One Star or Many," may be shown. It is expected that the health songs and plays which were given last June by the little children may be repeated at this time. A committee, comprising Mrs. Clara L. Chase, chairman, Mrs. Elsie A. Peckham and Mrs. Edgar M. Phelps, will secure the films and arrange the program.

The dental chair, which the committee secured some time ago, was returned to its former owner, as conditions were unfavorable for a dental clinic.

A vote of thanks was sent to the Holy Cross Guild for their gift of work on garments and surgical dressings.

The Red Cross nurse, Miss Edith Barlow, gave her monthly report and stated that the Oliphant Parent-Teachers Association had given the Oliphant School a pair of scales and stumps for use with the mid-morning lunch of crackers and milk. At the Peabody School the stumps were given by the teacher.

Miss Mary K. Nelson, divisional director of the New England Nursing Service gave some helpful suggestions and urged the attendance of as many of the committee as possible at the sectional conference to be held in Fall River during this month. Miss Nelson held a brief conference with Mr. Earl Anthony, the chairman of the Portsmouth Red Cross.

The regular meeting of the Aquidneck Grange was held at the town hall on Thursday evening. A competitive entertainment in charge of the married members was presented.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon E. Crosby and family of Pawtucket have been guests of Mrs. Crosby's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Plummer.

Robert Dennis has been guest of his aunt, Mrs. Phoebe Manchester.

Miss Elsie Peckham, who has been ill for several weeks, is improving.

Mr. Parker Peckham, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham, who is a student at Brown University, is spending his Easter vacation with his parents. Mr. Philip Caswell, Jr., also of Brown University, with his classmates, Messrs. Edgar Bennett and Victor Hill, are spending the Easter vacation with Mr. Caswell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caswell.

Mr. Walter S. Barker has gone to Apponaug, R. I., where he is employed by the Lane Construction Company.

The Berkeley Parent-Teachers' Association has recently given a year's subscription to the National Geographic Magazine to the Berkeley School.

Mrs. Daniel Hazard, of Dartmouth street, Newport, entertained the Paradise Club at the regular weekly meeting on Wednesday. A reading entitled "Pertaining to Music," was prepared by the president, Mrs. Elsie A. Peckham, and "Leading Topics of the Day" by Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham.

Mrs. John Alexander Elliott entertained the St. Mary's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary at her home on Wednesday at an all-day meeting. Missionary boxes were packed. Basket lunches were served.

An epidemic of measles is prevalent among the children of the Wyatt School. Many of the cases are only light ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Barker, who have been spending the winter with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Stone, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have returned to their home here.

At the food sale held recently at the Broadway Hardware Company of Newport, by the Berkeley Parent-Teachers' Association, the proceeds were reported as \$24.

Senator Howard R. Peckham, Representative William J. Peckham, Mrs. Clifton B. Ward, Mr. James Anthony, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, ex-Senator Lewis R. Manchester, and Mr. Joseph A. Peckham, delegates from this town, attended the Republican convention in Providence on Monday.

Miss Grace Anthony of Providence is spending the spring vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Anthony.

Mr. Harris R. S. Peckham of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, is spending his spring vacation with his parents. Mr. Peckham motored from the College and was accompanied by Mr. Ching Ho, a member of the Antioch faculty, and Miss Hilda Heigh and Mr. William Filene, of Boston, who are his classmates.

## PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

### John H. Coggeshall

Mr. John Rogers Coggeshall, who had been ill at his home for some time, died at his home on Union street. Mr. Coggeshall was a well-known carpenter, contractor and builder. He worked with his father, the late Joseph Coggeshall, for a number of years, and afterward for himself. Mr. Coggeshall was the son of the late Joseph and Marianna (Lawton) Coggeshall, and was born at the homestead on Gypson Lane, the fourth of the five children—Mrs. Celia Hamilton of this town, Mrs. Martha Bliss of Middletown, Mr. Frederick A. Coggeshall also of Middletown, and a brother Charles Coggeshall. All of these except Charles survive him, as does also a widow, who was Miss Carlotta Bickford of Providence, and their three daughters, Mrs. Carl Weiss of Dover, N. H. (Alice); Mary, who teaches the school at "Vaucluse," and Carlotta, who resides at home. Two grandchildren also survive.

Mr. Coggeshall was a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, F. and A. M., of the Portsmouth Grange, and a trustee of the Union Cemetery Corporation. He was a direct descendant of the first John Coggeshall, who came to Rhode Island about 1638 and to Portsmouth 1647. Mr. Coggeshall was the contractor and builder of the large barns at Glen Farm, and superintended the work done at Oakland Farm. He also built several schoolhouses in this town and Middletown, the Oliphant School being one of his first contracts.

The funeral was held at his home, the services being conducted by Rev. James P. Conover. The floral tributes were very numerous and beautiful, the various organizations and societies sending floral pieces, as well as neighbors and friends.

### Lewis H. Tallman

Mr. Lewis H. Tallman, who died at Abol, Mass., after a short illness with pneumonia, was a son of Frank L. and the late Fanny R. Tallman. He is survived by his father and three brothers, Curtis and Walter, who reside with their father, and Norman Tallman of Readville, Mass. His mother and sister, Mrs. John Quinn (Cora) both died a year ago this month. The funeral was held from his late home at "Cozy Corner" on Sunday. The services were conducted by Rev. William H. Allen and the interment was in the family lot in the Portsmouth Cemetery. Many floral tributes included wreaths and pillows as well as flat bouquets.

A cellar is being dug on the house-lot of Mr. Charles Gifford, opposite the town hall. A well has been completed on this lot.

The altar flowers at St. Mary's Church on Sunday were in memory of Robbins Little, son of Rev. and Mrs. Francis K. Little of Brooklyn, formerly of Newport. Master Little was killed in an automobile accident while alighting from an electric car to go to the Sunday School service at St. Mary's Church. This was the anniversary of his birth.

Miss Oriana Anthony entertained the members of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., at an all-day meeting on Thursday. The morning was spent with sewing and a business meeting was held in the afternoon. On Saturday the delegates will leave to attend the thirteenth annual national conference in Washington.

Mrs. Emma Sherman is having extensive repairs and improvements made at her home on the East Main Road. A large dormer window has been built on the north side of the house.

Mr. Wm. Gardner Clarke, who has been spending the winter with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony, has returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Clarke.

The Men's Community Club of St. Mary's Parish is planning a dance, which will be held at Oakland Hall on the evening of April 22.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held an all day meeting on Tuesday at the Parish House. Dinner was served by Mrs. Charles Ashley and Mrs. George De Lano. A business meeting was held and much sewing was accomplished. The evening was spent with music and games. Refreshments were served.

Rev. George De Lano, who has been attending the Methodist Conference in Providence, has returned to his home here. Rev. Mr. De Lano was appointed to the Methodist Episcopal Church of this town for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Alexander Boone entertained St. Paul's Guild at her home on Tuesday. Much work was accomplished. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Briggs of Westerly is visiting her son, Mr. Perry Briggs and Mrs. Briggs.



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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Transley's hay-cutting outfit, after stacking 2,500 tons, is on its way to the big Y.D. ranch headquarters. Transley is a master of men and circumstances. Linder, foreman, is substantial. But not self-assured. George Drax, one of the men, is an irresponsible chap who proposes to marry Zen, Y.D.'s daughter. Zen and her mother, Mrs. Linder, are in the hay field. Zen, Y.D. instructs Transley to get out the South Y.D. "spite of a hell of a high water" and a fellow named Landson.

CHAPTER II.—Drax proposes to Zen and is neatly rebuffed. Transley pitches camp on the South Y.D. and lands Landson's outfit cutting hay. Denison, Grant, Landson's manager, notifies Transley that he is working under a lease from the legal owners and warns Transley off. All of which means war.

CHAPTER III.—Y.D. and Zen ride to the South Y.D. Zen is a natural vamp, not yet half-broke and ripe for mating. Y.D. has taken a liking to Transley. Zen holds Transley off and encourages Linder.

CHAPTER IV.—Zen enjoys the prospect of a race between Transley and Linder for her favor, but secretly laughs at both. She has another and more serious encounter with Drax. Y.D. mowing machines are ruined by iron stakes set in the grass. Zen prevents open war with Landson. Transley half-way proposes and is turned off. Drax resolves to turn out the rival outfit.

CHAPTER V.—Fire blazes up in the Landson stacks. The Y.D. outfit hastens to aid the enemy. Zen rides off alone to help. The wind changes and the Y.D. people now have to fight the prairie fire. Zen rides into the river to escape flames. Drax tries to abduct her. She drowns him—or thinks she has. Grant overtakes her. In trying to slide through fire Zen is thrown and knocked senseless.

CHAPTER VI.—Zen comes to after "savage" hours of unconsciousness to find herself in the dark with Grant. She has a sprained ankle and both horses have run away. So she and Grant sit on a rock and tell their past lives. Grant, it appears, is a rich man's son who scorns wealth in order to live his own life.

CHAPTER VII.—Y.D. and his men arrive after daylight. Naturally, in circumstances, having been abandoned. Grant rides off. Transley goes to the nearest town, then returns and induces Y.D. to go into partnership with him in the contracting and building business. Zen, who keeps Zen off her feet by the force of his masculine love-making.

CHAPTER VIII.—Transley sends Zen a suggestive ring. Zen wears it. Then Grant appears and proposes. She shows him the ring. Long she hesitates, but at last decides in favor of the ring. So she and Grant part.

CHAPTER IX.—Transley announces his forthcoming wedding to Linder and sets him at work building a handsome residence in the town. The wedding is set for Christmas day.

CHAPTER X.—The next summer Grant's father and older brother are killed in an accident. He is the only heir to the great wealth and leaves for the East to take charge of the business. Phyllis Bruce, his father's secretary, is the only one not afraid of him. He becomes interested and a chance visit to her home increases his liking for her.

CHAPTER XI.—Grant enlists in the World War, winds up the business and places his wealth at the disposal of the government. Phyllis confesses her love for him, but he cannot forget Zen. Grant returns from the front a captain and finds his fortune doubled. Linder, minus an arm, is with him. He meets Phyllis and is torn between her and Zen. He has a "great idea."

CHAPTER XII.—The great idea is to go back West, buy land, start a big farm and take care of Linder and others of his men. He starts to propose to Phyllis, but she checks him. He buys his farm and builds a home. While ploughing he makes friends with a five-year-old boy, takes the little chap to his summer home and meets his mother—Zen Transley.

CHAPTER XIII.—Both are jolted out of self-possession by the meeting. Grant learns that Transley is successful, but has no time for anything but business. At a dinner Grant and Linder meet him and the Y.D. people. Y.D. mentions Drax as the probable settler of the fee and comments on his disappearance.

CHAPTER XIV

The next day Wilson paid his usual visit to the field where Grant was plowing, and again was he the bearer of a message. With much difficulty he managed to extricate the envelope from a pocket.

"Dear Mr. Grant," it read, "I am so excited over a remark dropped last night I must see you again as soon as possible. Can you drop in tonight, say at eight. Yours, ZEN."

Grant read the message a second time, wondering what remark could have occasioned it. For a moment he wondered if she had created a pretext upon which to bring him to the house by the river, and then instantly dismissed that thought as unworthy of him. At any rate it was evident that this addressing her by her Christian name had given no offense. This time she had not called him "The Man-on-the-Hill," and there was no suggestion of playfulness in the note. Then the signature, "Yours, Zen," that might mean everything, or it might mean nothing. Either it was purely formal or it implied a very great deal indeed.

Grant reflected that it could hardly be interpreted anywhere between those two extremes, and was it reasonable to suppose that Zen would use it in an entirely formal sense? If it had been "yours truly," or "yours sincere-



With Much Difficulty He Managed to Extricate the Envelope From a Pocket.

to be dreamed over and idealized, a wild, daring, irresponsible incarnation of the spirit of the hills.

He wrote on the back of the note, "Look for me at eight," and then, observing that the boy had not brought Teddy along, he inquired politely for the health of the little pet.

"He's all right, but mother wouldn't let me bring him. Said I might lose him." The tone in which the last words were spoken implied just how impossible such a thing was. Lose Teddy! No one but a mother could think of such an absurdity.

"But I got a knife!" Wilson exclaimed, his mind darting to a happier subject. "Daddy gave it to me. Will you sharpen it? It is as dull as a pig."

Grant was to learn during the day that all the boy's figures of speech were now hung in the family pig. The knife was as dull as a pig; the plow was as rough as a pig; the horses, when they capered at a corner, were as wild as a pig; even Grant himself, while he held the little chap firmly on his knee, received the doubtful compliment of being as strong as a pig. He went through the form of sharpening the knife on the leather lines of the harness, and was pleased to discover that Wilson, with childish dexterity of imagination, now pronounced it as sharp as a pig.

The boy did not return to the field in the afternoon, and Grant spent the time in a strange admixture of happiness over the pleasant companionship he had found in this little son of the prairies and anticipation of his meeting with Zen that night.

Grant prepared his supper of bacon and eggs and fried potatoes, bread and jam and black tea, and ate it from the kitchen table. Supper ended, he noticed he had just time to walk to Transley's house before eight o'clock.

Zen received him at the door; the maid had gone to a neighbor's, she said, and Wilson was in bed. She lighted the dry wood in the fireplace.

"I have been so anxious to see you—again," she said, drawing a chair not far from him. "A chance remark of yours last night brought to memory many things—things I have been trying to forget." Then, abruptly, "Did you ever kill a man?"

"You know I was in the war," he returned, evading her question.

"Yes, and you do not care to dwell on that phase of it. I should not have asked you, but you will be the better able to understand. For years I have lived under the cloud of having killed a man."

"You?"

"Yes. The day of the fire—you remember?"

Grant had started from his chair. "I can't believe it!" he exclaimed. "There must have been justification!"

"burst. And then, last night, his name was mentioned, which brought it all back to me as though it had been yesterday. Time doesn't seem to change some things, ever, does it? And after I had gone to bed, and was thinking it all over, I suddenly knew there was one man I could tell. That is why I sent that note. . . . You weren't angry?"

"Angry! Dear!" He checked his lips on forbidden words.

"What?" he managed to say.

"Drax!"

"Yes. I had killed him that day of the fire. It is rather an unpleasant story, and you will excuse me repeating the details, I know. He attacked me—we were both on horseback, in the river—I suppose he was crazed with his wild deed, and less responsible than usual. He dragged me from my horse and I fought with him in the water, but he was much too strong. I had concluded that to drown myself, and perhaps him, was the only way out, when I saw a leather thong floating in the water from the saddle. By a ruse I managed to slip it around his neck, and the next moment he was at my mercy. I had no mercy then. I pulled it tight, tight—pulled till I saw his face blacken and his eyes stand out. He went down, but still I pulled. And then, after a little, I found myself on shore."

"I suppose it was the excitement of the fire that carried me on through the day, but at night—you remember!—there came a reaction, and I couldn't keep awake. I suddenly seemed to feel that I was safe, and I could sleep."

Grant had resumed his seat. He was deeply moved by this strange confidence; he bent his eyes intently upon her face, now shining in the ruddy light from the fireplace. Her frank reference to the event that night seemed to create a new bond between them; he knew now, if ever he had doubted it, that Zen Transley had treasured that incident in her heart even as he had treasured it.

"I was so embarrassed after the accident, you know," she continued. "I knew you must know I had been in the water. For days and weeks I expected every hour to hear of the finding of the body. I expected to hear the remark dropped casually by every new visitor at the ranch, 'Drax's body was found today in the river. The Mounted Police are investigating.' But time went on and nothing was heard of it. It would almost have been a relief to me if it had been discovered. If I had reported the affair at once, as I should have done, all would have been different, but having kept my secret for a little I found it impossible to confess later. It was the first time I ever felt my self-reliance severely shaken."

"Well, now you know," she said, with an embarrassed little laugh.

"You see, I have put my life in your hands."

"Your husband knows?"

"No. That made it harder. I never told Frank."

She arose and walked to the fireplace, pretending to stir the logs. When she had seated herself again she continued:

"It has not been easy for me to tell all things to Frank. Don't misunderstand me; he has been a model husband, according to my standards."

"According to your standards?"

"According to my standards—when I married him."

She paused, and Grant sat in silence, watching the glow of the firelight upon her cheek.

"Your standards have changed?" said Grant, taking up the thread when she had sat down again.

"They have. They have changed more than Frank's, which makes me feel rather at fault in the matter. How could he know that I would change my ideal of what a husband should be?"

"Why shouldn't he know? That is the course of development. Without changing ideals there would be stagnation."

"Perhaps," she returned, and he thought he caught a note of weariness in her voice. "But I don't blame Frank—now. I rather blame him then. He swept me off my feet; stampeded me. My parents helped him, and I was only half disposed to resist. You see, I had this trouble on my mind, and for the first time in my life I felt the need of protection. Besides, I took a matter-of-fact view of marriage. I thought that sentiment—love, if you like—was a thing of books, an invention of poets and fiction writers. Practical people would be practical in their marriages, as in their other undertakings."

"Frank has been all I expected of him," she repeated, as though anxious to do her husband justice. "He has made money. He spends it generously. If I live here modestly, with but one maid, it is because of a preference which I have developed for simplicity. I might have a dozen if I asked it, and I think Frank is somewhat surprised, and, it may be, disappointed, that I don't ask it. Although not a man for display himself, he likes to see me make display. It's a strange thing, isn't it, that a husband should wish his wife to be admired by other men?"

"Some are successful in that," Grant remarked.

"I have not sought any man's admiration," she went on, with her astonishing frankness. "I am too independent for that. What do I care for their admiration? But every woman wants love."

Grant had changed his position, and sat with his elbows upon his knees, his chin resting upon his hands. "You know, Zen," he said, using her Christian name deliberately, "the picture I drew that day by the river? That is the picture I have carried in my

mind ever since—shall carry to the end. Perhaps it has led me to be imprudent—"

"Has brought me here tonight, for example."

"You had my invitation."

"True. But why develop another situation which, as you say, has no way out?"

"Do you want me to go?"

"No, Zen, not I want to stay—with you—always! But society must respect its own conventions."

She arose and stood by his chair, letting her hand fall beside his cheek.

"You silly boy!" she said. "You didn't organize society, nor subscribe to its conventions. Still, I suppose there must be a code of some kind, and we shall respect it. You had your chance, Denny, and you passed it up."

"Had my chance?"

"Yes. I refused you in words, I know, but actions speak louder—"

"But when you told me you were engaged what could I honorably do?"

"More—very much more—than you can do now. You could have shown me my mistake. How much better to have learned it then, from you, than later, by my own experience! You could have swept me off my feet, just as Frank did. You did nothing. If I had sought evidence to prove how impractical you are, as compared with my super-practical husband, I would have found it in the way you handled, or rather failed to handle, that situation."

"What would your super-practical husband do now if he were in my position?"



She Arose and Stood by His Chair, Letting Her Hand Fall Beside His Cheek.

sition?" he said, drawing her hands into his.

"I don't know."

"You do! He says that any man worth his salt takes what he wants in this world. Am I worth my salt?"

"There are different standards of value. . . . Goodness! how late it is! You must go now, and don't come back before, let us say, Wednesday."

CHAPTER XV

Whatever may have been Grant's philosophy about the unwisdom of creating a situation which had no way out, he found himself looking forward impatiently to Wednesday, evening. An hour or two at Zen's fireside provided the social atmosphere which his bachelor life lacked, and as Transley seemed unappreciative of his domestic privileges, remaining in town unless his business brought him out to the summer home, it seemed only a just arrangement that they should be shared by one who valued them at their worth.

The Wednesday evening conversation developed further the understanding that was gradually evolving between them, but it afforded no solution of the problem which confronted them. Zen made no secret of the error she had made in the selection of her husband, but had no suggestions to offer as to what should be done about it. She seemed quite satisfied to enjoy Grant's conversation and company, and let it go at that—an impossible situation, as the young man assured himself. She dismissed him again at a quite respectable hour with some reference to Saturday evening, which Grant interpreted as an invitation to call again at that time.

When he entered Saturday night it was evident that she had been expecting him.

She seated herself beside him on a divanette and the joy of her nearness fired Grant with a very happy intoxication.

Grant looked into her eyes, now close and responsive, and found within their depths something which sent him to his feet.

"Zen!" he exclaimed. "The mystery of life is too much for me. Surely there must be an answer somewhere! Surely the puzzle has a system to it—a key which may some day be found! Or can it be just chaos—just blind, driving, senseless chaos?"

"I suppose we disobeyed the law, back in those old days. We heard it clearly enough, and we disobeyed. I allowed myself to be guided by motives which were not the highest; you seemed to lack the enterprise which would have won you its own reward. And those who violate the law must suffer for it. I have suffered."

"I have sometimes wondered," he said, "why there is no second chance; why one cannot wipe the slate clear of everything that has been and start anew. What a world this might be!"

"Would it be any better? Or would we go on making our mistakes over again? That seems to be the only way we learn."

"But a second chance; the idea seems so fair, so plausible."

"For you there is a second chance," she reminded him. "You must have thought of that."

"No—no second chance."

She drew herself up slightly and away from him. "I have been very frank with you, Dennison," she said. "Suppose you try being frank with me?"

"All right," he said, "I will be frank. Fate has brought within my orbit a second chance, or what would have been a second chance had my heart not been so full of you. She was a girl well worth thinking about. When an employee introduces herself to you with a declaration of independence you may know that you have met with someone out of the ordinary."

"And you—thought about her?"

"I did. I was sick of the cringing and fawning of which my wealth made me the object; I loathed the deference paid me, because I knew it was paid, not to me, but to my money—I was homesick to hear someone tell me to go to hell. I wanted to brush up against that spirit which says it is as good as anybody else—against the mindless which stands its ground and hits back. I found that spirit in Phyllis Bruce."

"Phyllis Bruce—rather a nice name."

"What was I saying? Oh, yes; Phyllis. I grew to like her—very much—but I couldn't marry her. You know why?"

"Denny, you big, big boy!" she murmured. "Do you suppose every man marries his first choice?"

"It has always seemed to me that a second choice is a makeshift. It doesn't seem quite square."

"No. I fancy some second choices are really first choices. Wisdom comes with experience, you know."

"Not always. At any rate I couldn't marry her while my heart was yours."

"I suppose not," she answered, and again he noted a touch of weariness in her voice. "I know something of what divided affection—if one can even say it is divided—means. Denny, I will make a confession. I knew you would come back; I always was sure you would come back. Then, I said to myself, 'I will see this man Grant as he is, and the reality will clear my brain of all this idealism which I have woven about him.' And so I have encouraged you to come here; I have been most unconventional, I know, but I was always that—I have cultivated your acquaintance, and, Denny, I am so disappointed."

"Disappointed? Then the intrigue has cleared away?"

"On the contrary, it grows more distorted every day. I see you towering above all your fellow humans; reaching up into a heaven so far above them that they don't even know of its existence. I see you as really 'The Man-on-the-Hill.' The idealism which I thought must fade away is justified—heightened—by the reality."

She had turned her face to him, and Grant, little as he understood the ways of women, knew that she had made her great confession. For a moment he held himself in check. . . . then from somewhere in his subconsciousness came ringing the phrase, "Every man worth his salt . . . takes what he wants." That was Transley's morality; Transley, the usurper, who had huddled himself into possession of this heart which he had never won and could never hold; Transley, the fool, frittering his days and nights with money! He seized her in his arms, crushing down her weak resistance; he drew her to him until, as in that day by a foothill river somewhere in the sunny past, her lips met his and returned their caress. He cared now for nothing—nothing in the whole world but this quivering womanhood within his arms.

"You must go," she whispered at length. "It is late, and Frank's habits are somewhat erratic."

He held her at arm's length, his hands upon her shoulders. "Do you suppose that fear of anything—can make me surrender you now?"

"Not fear, perhaps—I know it could not be fear—but good sense may do it. It was not fear that made me send you home early from your previous calls. It was discretion."

"Oh!" he said, a new light dawning, and he marveled again at her consummate artistry.

"But I must tell you," she resumed, "Frank leaves on a business trip tomorrow night. He will be gone for some time, and I shall motor into town to see him off. I am wondering about Wilson." she hurried on, as though not daring to weigh her words; "Sarah will be away—I am letting her have a little holiday—and I can't take Wilson into town with me because it will be so late." Then, with a burst of confession, she spoke more deliberately. "That's isn't exactly the reason, Dennison; Frank doesn't know I have let Sarah go, and I—I can't explain."

Her face shone pink and warm in the glow of the firelight, and as the significance of her words sank in upon him Grant marveled at that wizardry of the gods which could bring such homage to the foot of man. A tenderness such as he had never known suffused him; her very presence was holy. "Bring the boy over and let him spend the night with me. We are great chums and we shall get along splendidly."

CHAPTER XVI

Grant spent his Sunday forenoon in an exhaustive housecleaning campaign. Bachelor life on the farm is

not conducive to domestic delinquency. When he was able to view his handiwork with a feeling that even ferocious eyes would find nothing to offend, Grant did an unwanted thing. He unlocked the window and opened the windows that the fresh air might play through the silent chamber. When he had lunched and dressed he took a stroll over the hills, thinking a great deal, but finding no answer. On his return he described the familiar figure of Linder in a semi-recumbent position on the porch, and Linder's well-worn ear in the yard.

"How goes it, Linder?" he said, cheerily, as he came up. "Is the Big Idea going to fructify?"

"The Big Idea seems to be all right. You planned it well."

"Thanks. But is it going to be self-supporting—I mean in the matter of motive power. Would it run if you and I and Murdoch were wiped out?"

"Everything must have a head."

"Democracy must find its own head—best grow it out of the material supplied. If it doesn't do that it's a failure, and the Big Idea will end in being the Big Fizzle. That's why I'm leaving it so severely alone—I want to see which way it's headed."

"I could suggest another reason," said Linder, pointedly.

"Another reason for what?"

"For your leaving it severely alone."

"What are you driving at?" demanded Grant, somewhat petulantly.



"What Are You Driving at?" Demanded Grant Somewhat Petulantly.

ed Grant, somewhat petulantly. "You are in a taciturn mood today, Linder."

"Perhaps I am, Grant, and if so it comes from wondering how a man with as much brains as you have can be such a d-d fool upon occasion."

"Drop the riddles, Linder. Let me have it in the face."

"It's just like this, Grant, old boy," said Linder, getting up and putting his hand on his friend's shoulder; "I feel that I have an interest in the chap who saved all of me except what this empty sleeve stands for, and it's that interest which makes me speak about something which you may say is none of my business. I was out here Monday night to see you, and you were not at home. I came out again Wednesday, and you were not at home. I came out last night and you were not at home, and had not come back at midnight. Your horses were in the barn; you were not far away."

"Why didn't you telephone me?"

"If I hadn't cared more for you than I do for my job and the Big Idea thrown in, I could have settled it that way. But, Grant, I do."

"I believe you. But why this sudden worry over me? I was merely spending the evening at a neighbor's."

"Yes—at Transley's. Transley was in town, and Mrs. Transley is not responsible—where you are concerned."

"Linder!"

"I saw it all that night at dinner there. Some things are plain to everyone—except those most involved. Now it's not my job to say to you what's right and wrong, but the way it looks to me is this: what's the use of all your big-headedness if you're going to be small in matters like this?"

Grant regarded his foreman for some time without answering. "I appreciate your frankness, Linder," he said at length. "Your friendship, which I can never question, gives you that privilege. Man to man, I'm going to be equally frank with you. To begin with, I suppose you will admit that Y.D.'s daughter is a strong character, a woman quite capable of directing her own affairs?"

"The stronger the engine the bigger the smash if there's a wreck."

"It's not a case of wrecking; it's a case of trying to save something out of the wreck. Convention, Linder, is a torture-monger; it blinds men and women to the stake of propriety and bids them smile while it snuffs out the soul that's in them."

"Let me put it another way: Transley is a clever man of affairs. He knows how to accomplish his ends. He applied the methods—somewhat modified for the occasion—of a lunatic shark in winning his wife. He makes a great appearance of unselfishness, but in reality he is selfish to the core. He lavishes money on her to satisfy his own vanity, but as for her finer nature, the real Zen, her soul if you like—he doesn't even know she has one. He obtained possession by false pretenses. Which is the more moral thing—to leave him in possession, or to throw him out? Didn't you yourself hear him say that men who are



## ZEN OF THE Y D

Continued from Page 2

worth their salt take what they want?"

"Since when did you let him set your standards?"

"That's hardly fair."

"I think it is. I think, too, that you are arguing against your own convictions. Well, I've had my say. I deliberately came out today without Murdoch so that I might have it. You would be quite justified in firing me for what I've done. But now I'm through, and no matter what may happen, remember, Linder will never have suspected anything."

"That's like you, old chap. We'll drop it at that, but I must explain that Zen is going to town tonight to meet Transley, and is leaving the boy with me. It is an event in my young life, and I have house-cleaned for it appropriately. Come inside and admire my handiwork."

Linder admitted as he was directed, and then the two men fell into a discussion of business matters. Eventually Grant cooked supper, and just as they had finished, Mrs. Transley drove up in her motor.

"Here we are!" she cried, cheerily. "Glad to see you, Mr. Linder. Wilson has his teddy-bear and his knife and his pajamas, and is a little put out, I think, that I wouldn't let him bring the pig."

"I shall try and make up the deficiency," said Grant, smiling broadly, as the boy climbed to his shoulder. "Won't you come in? Linder, among his other accomplishments learned in France, is an excellent chaperon."

"Thank you, no; I must get along. I shall call early in the morning, so that you will not be delayed on Willson's account."

"No need of that; he can ride to the field with me on Prince. He is a great help with the plowing."

"I'm sure." She stepped up to Grant and drew the boy's face down to hers. "Good-by, dear; he's a good boy," she whispered, and Wilson waved kisses to her as the motor sped down the road.

Linder took his departure soon after, and Grant was surprised to find himself almost embarrassed in the presence of his little guest.

Where to start on the bedtime preparations was a puzzle, but Wilson himself came to Grant's aid with explicit instructions about buttons and pins.

"You must hear my prayer, Uncle Man-on-the-Hill," said the boy. "You have to sit down in a chair."

Grant sat down with a strange mixture of emotions drew the little chap between his knees as he listened to the long-forgotten prayer.

At the third line the boy stopped. "You have to tell me now," he prompted.

"But I can't, Willie; I have forgotten."

"Eh, you don't know much," the child commented, and glibly quoted the remaining lines. "And God bless Daddy and Mamma and teddy-bear and Uncle Man-on-the-Hill and the pig. Amen," he concluded, accompanying the last word with a jump which landed him fairly in Grant's lap. His little arms went up about his friend's neck, and his little soft cheek rested against a tanned and weather-beaten one. Slowly Grant's arms closed about the warm, little body and pressed it to his in a new passion, strange and holy. Then he led him to the whin-room, turned down the white sheets in which no form had ever lain and placed the boy between them, snuggled his teddy down by his side and set his knife properly in view upon the dresser. And then he leaned down again and kissed the little face, and whispered, "Good night, little boy; God keep you safe tonight, and always." And suddenly Grant realized that he had been praying.

He withdrew softly, and only partly closed the door; then he chose a seat where he could see the little figure lying peacefully on the white bed.

"The dear little chap," he murmured. "I must watch by him tonight. It would be unspeakable if anything should happen to him while he is under my care."

He felt a sense of warmth, almost a smothering sensation, and raised his hand to his forehead. It came down covered with perspiration.

"It's amazingly close," he said, and walked to one of the French windows opening to the west. The sun had gone down, and a brooding darkness lay over all the valley, but far up in the sky he could trace the outline of a cloud.

"Looks like a storm," he commented, casually, and suddenly felt something tighten about his heart.

He turned to his chair, but found himself pacing the living room with an altogether inexplicable nervousness.

"D—n Linder, anyway!" he exclaimed presently. "I believe he shook me up more than I realized. He charged me with insincerity; me, who have always made sincerity my special virtue. Well, there may be something in it."

A faint, indistinct growling, as of the grinding of mighty rocks, came down from the distances.

"The storm will be nothing," he assured himself. Even as he spoke the house shivered in every timber as the gale struck it and went whirling by.

He rushed to the whin-room, but found the boy still sleeping soundly. "I must stay up," he reasoned with himself; "I must be on hand in case he should be frightened."

Suddenly it occurred to Grant that, quite apart from his love for Wilson, if anything should happen the child in his house a very difficult situation would be created. Transley would demand explanations—explanations which would be hard to make. Why was Wilson there at all? Why was he not at home with Sarah? Sarah away from home! Why had Zen kept that a secret?

The gale subsided as quickly as it had come, and the sudden silence which followed was even more awesome. It lasted only for a moment; a flash of lightning lit up every corner of the house, hurrying like white fire from every wall and ceiling. Grant rushed to the whin-room and was standing over the child when the crash of thunder came upon them. The boy stirred gently, smiled, and settled back to his sleep.

Grant drew the blinds in the whin-room, and went out to draw them in the living room, but the sight across the valley was of a majesty so terrific that it held him fascinated.

Turning from the windows, Grant left the blinds open. "Only cowardice would close them," he muttered to himself, "and surely, in addition to the other qualities Linder has attributed to me, I am not a coward. If it were not for Willie, I could stand and enjoy it."

Presently rain began to fall; a few scattered drops at first, then thicker, harder, until the roof and windows rattled and shook with their force. The wind, which had gone down so suddenly, sprang up again, buffeting the house as it rushed by with the storm.

As the night wore on the storm, instead of spending itself quickly as Grant had expected, continued unabated, but his nervous tension gradually relaxed, and when at length Wilson was awakened by an exceptionally loud clap of thunder he took the boy in his arms and soothed his little fears as a mother might have done. They sat for a long while in a



They Sat for a Long While in a Big Chair in the Living Room.

big chair in the living room, and exchanged such confidences as a man may with a child of five. After the lad had dropped back into sleep Grant still sat with him in his arms, thinking.

And what he thought was this: He was a long while framing the exact thought; he tried to beat it back in a dozen ways, but it circled around him, gradually closed in upon him and forced its acceptance. "Linder called me a fool, and he was right. He might have called me a coward, and again he would have been right. Linder was right."

Some way it seemed easy to reach that conclusion while this little sleeping form lay in his arms. Now was the time to do something that would cost; to lay his hand upon the prize and then relinquish it—for the sake of Wilson Transley!

"And by God I'll do it!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. He carried the child back to his bed, and then turned again to watch the storm through the windows. It seemed to be subsiding; the lightning, although still almost continuous, was not so near.

"What little incidents turn our lives!" he thought. "That boy; in some strange way he has been the means of bringing me to see things as they are—which not even Linder could do. The mind has to be fertilized for the thought, or it can't think it. He brought the necessary influence to bear. It was like the night at Murdoch's house, the night when the big idea was born. Surely I owe that to Murdoch, and his wife, and Phyllis Bruce."

The name of Phyllis Bruce came to him with almost a shock. He had been so occupied with his farm and with Zen that he had thought but little of her of late. As he turned the matter over in his mind now he felt that he had used Phyllis rather shabbily.

Grant lit a cigar and sat down to smoke and think. The matter of Phyllis needed prompt settlement. It afforded a means to burn his bridges behind him, and Grant felt that it would be just as well to cut off all possibility of retreat. Fortunately the situation was one that could be explained—to Phyllis.

He had told himself, back in those days in the East, that it would not be fair to marry Phyllis Bruce while his heart was another's. He had believed that then; now he knew the real reason was that he had allowed himself to hope, against all reason, that Zen Transley might yet be his. He had harbored an unworthy desire, and called it a virtue. Well—the die was cast. He had definitely given Zen up. He would tell Phyllis everything. That is, everything she needed to know.

It would be best to settle it at once—the sooner the better. He went to his desk and took out writing paper. He addressed a note to Phyllis, pondered a minute in a great hush in the storm, and wrote:

"I am sure now. May I come? Denison."

"This done he turned to the telephone, hurrying as one who fears for the duration of his good resolutions.

He gave the number of Linder's rooms in town; it was likely Linder had remained in town. "It was a question whether the telephone bell would awaken him. He had recollections of Linder as a sound sleeper. But even as this possibility entered his mind he heard Linder's phlegmatic voice in his ear.

"Oh, Linder! I'm so glad I got you. I've a message I want delivered to Miss Bruce. . . . Linder? . . . Linder?"

There was no answer. Nothing but a hollow empty sound on the wire, as though it led merely into the universe in general. He tried to call the operator, but without success. The wire was down.

He turned from it with a sense of acute impatience. Was this an omen of obstacles to bar him now from Phyllis Bruce?

Suddenly came a quick knock at the door; the handle turned, and a drenched, hatless figure, with disheveled, wet hair, and white, drawn face burst in upon him. It was Zen Transley.

## CHAPTER XVII

"Zen!"

"How is he—how is Wilson?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"Sound as a bell," he answered, alarmed by her manner. The self-assured Zen was far from self-assurance now. "Come, see, he is asleep."

He led her into the whin-room and turned up the lamp. The lad was sleeping soundly, his teddy-bear clasped in his arms, his little pink and white face serene under the magic skies of slumberland. Grant expected that Zen would throw herself upon the child in her agitation, but she did not. She drew her fingers gently across his brow, then, turning to Grant:

"Rather an unceremonious way to break into your house," she said, with a little laugh. "I hope you will pardon me. . . . I was uneasy about Willson."

"But tell me—how—where did you come from?"

"From town. Let me stand in your kitchen, or somewhere."

"You're wet through. I can't offer you much change."

"Not as wet as when you first met me, Denison," she said, with a smile. "I have a good waterproof, but my hat blew off. It's somewhere on the road. I couldn't see through the windshield, so I put my head out, and away it went."

"The hat?"

Then both laughed, and an atmosphere that had been tense began to settle back to normal. Grant led her out to the living room, removed her coat, and started a fire.

They sat in silence for some time, and presently they became aware of a gray light displacing the yellow glow from the lamp and the ruddy reflections of the fire. "It is morning," said Grant. "I believe the storm has cleared."

He stood beside her chair and took her hand in his. "Let us watch the dawn break on the mountains," he said, and together they moved to the windows that overlooked the valley and the grim ranges beyond. Already shafts of crimson light were firing the scattered drift of clouds far overhead.

"Denison," she said at length, turning her face to his. "I hope you will understand, but—I have thought it all over. I have not hidden my heart from you. For the boy's sake, and for your sake, and for the sake of a scrap of paper—that was what the war was over, wasn't it?"

"I know," he whispered. "I know." "Then you have been thinking, too?" . . . I am so glad!" In the growing light he could see the ripples in her bright eyes glisten, and it seemed to him this wild, darling daughter of the hills had never been lovelier than in this moment of confession and of high resolve.

"I am so glad," she repeated. "For your sake—and for my own. Now, again, you are really the Man-on-the-Hill. We have been in the valley of late. You can go ahead now with your high plans, with your big idea. You will marry Miss Bruce, and forget."

"I shall remember with chastened memory, but I shall never forget," he said at length. "I shall never forget Zen of the Y.D. And you—what will you do?"

"I have the boy. I did not realize how much I had until tonight. Suddenly it came upon me that he was everything. You won't understand, Denison, but as we grow older our hearts wrap up around our children with a love quite different from that which expresses itself in marriage. This love gives—gives—gives, lavishly, unselfishly, asking nothing in return."

"I think I understand," he said

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again. "I think I do."

They turned their eyes to the mountains, and as they looked the first shafts of sunlight fell on the white peaks and set them dazzling like mighty diamond-points against the blue bosom of the West.

"It is morning on the mountains—and on you!" Grant exclaimed. "Zen, you are very, very beautiful." He raised her hand and pressed her fingers to his lips.

As they stood watching the sunlight pour into the valley a sharp knock sounded on the door. "Come," said Denison, and the next moment it swung open and Phyllis Bruce entered, followed immediately by Linder. A question-leap into her eyes at the remarkable situation which greeted them, and she paused in embarrassment.

"Phyllis!" Grant exclaimed. "You here!"

"It would seem that I was not expected."

"It is all very simple," Grant explained, with a laugh. "Little Willie Transley was my guest overnight. On account of the storm his mother became alarmed, and drove out from the city early this morning for him. Mrs. Transley, let me introduce Miss Bruce—Phyllis Bruce, of whom I have told you."

Zen's cordial handshake did more to reassure Phyllis than any amount of explanations, and Linder's timely observation that he knew Wilson was there and was wondering about him himself had valuable corroborative effect.

"But now—your explanations?" said Grant. "How comes it, Linder?"

"Simple enough, from our side. When I got your telephone call all I could catch was the fact that you were mighty glad to get me, and had some urgent message for Miss Bruce. Then the connection broke."

"I see. And you, of course, assured Miss Bruce that I was being murdered, or meeting some such happy and effective ending, out here in the wilderness?"

"Not exactly that, but I reported what I could, and Miss Bruce insisted upon coming out at once. The roads were dreadful, but we had daylight. Also, we have a trophy."

Linder went out and returned in a moment with a sadly bedraggled hat.

"My poor hat!" Zen exclaimed. "I lost it on the way."

"It is the best kind of evidence that you had but recently come over the road," said Linder, significantly.

"I think no more evidence need be called," said Phyllis. "May I lay off my things?"

"Certainly—certainly," Grant apologized. "But I must introduce one more exhibit." He handed her the note he had written during the night.

"That is the message I wanted Linder to rush to you," he said, and as she read it he saw the color deepen in her cheeks.

"I'm going to make breakfast, Mr. Grant," Zen announced, with a sudden burst of energy. "Everybody keep out of the kitchen."

"Guess I'll feed up for you this morning, old chap," said Linder, knowingly. At the door he glanced back. "I think Miss Bruce has something to say to you," he added, mysteriously.

They were alone—Phyllis and Denison. He caught her hand in his and led her to the French windows. The sun was filling the valley with a flood of silver, and there was sunshine, too, in the heart of Denison Grant. He had drunk his cup of renunciation, but he had not dreamed that at the bottom could lie a pearl so beautiful.

"Phyllis—Phyllis," he breathed. He reached out to take her in his arms,

but she held him gently away; when he looked in her eyes they shone back at him through tears.

"Oh, Denny, you mustn't! I'm so sorry. You know what you have been to me. But you were so long, so long! Yesterday I promised Linder."

In the days that followed Denison Grant drank his cup of renunciation anew. He worked his fields early and late; he noted the tiny spirals of smoke ascending like incense from Zen's cottage; but he went no nearer the Transley home than the end of his furrow. He had handed back Transley's wife from the edge of the abyss; he had made up his mind; that much was settled.

The battle that raged within him now centered about Linder and Phyllis Bruce. When he had recovered from the first shock of Phyllis' revelation and was able to think surely he was sure that her heart might still be his if he went after it—and took it. It was another case of a man being worth his salt. But Linder was not Transley. He had spared Transley; could he be less generous with Linder? And what of Phyllis? Would she be happy with Linder?

Then Truth stood up before him in the furrow, as he plowed its slow length one busy summer afternoon, and called him a hypocrite. He heard the voice as clearly as the clamping of his horses on their bits. "Hypocrite!" cried Truth to him. "You make a great virtue of your generosity to Linder. Easy generosity that, while you continue to love—Zen Transley!"

Down by the river a spiral of smoke wound upwards from the Transley chimney, and even as Grant looked he saw an automobile trailing dust about the shoulder of his hill. It was Transley returning to his home.

Transley's wife had fortified her good resolutions behind an outburst of activity.

But there were times when the craving to be quite alone, where she could re-survey her life and bank for a moment in the luxury of old hangings, became irresistible. On such occasions she would follow the road that skirted the cliffs of the river bank to a point where it turned in the basin of a now deserted quarry. The old quarry lay on the edge of the hills like a cup from which a slide had broken and fallen into the river which boiled in a green foam a hundred feet below. The only access to this cup was by the road, no longer frequented, which Zen had chosen for his solitary rambles. Once inside the quarry she was isolated from the world; here her vision could sweep the sloping bluffs across the valley, or the circle of blue sky above, and her thoughts could rove at will without prospect of being interrupted. The road by which she entered the cup was the road by which any intruder must enter it. It was also, as Zen was suddenly to discover, the only road by which one could escape.

It was upon the afternoon when Truth confronted Denison Grant in his furrow that Zen made that discovery. Her self-imposed tasks completed for the day, she scoured the fruit stains from her hands, changed her frock, and took the now familiar trail up to the quarry. "I'll be back in an hour," she told Sarah; "I'm going to the quarry just to loaf and invite my soul." The quotation was lost upon Sarah, who took refuge in her gift of silence.

At a point where the road rose high enough to command a view of the surrounding valley she stopped and swung a slow, half-guilty glance to the southward. There, sure enough, was the plow team of Denison Grant, warping its slow shuttle back and forth across

## Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabric at 10 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the quality of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

the brown prairie. For a long minute she fed her eyes and her heart; then resumed her slow course to the quarry.

Inside the great cup she was conscious of a sense of security.

Zen seated herself in a half reclining position on a great slab of rock and fell into a day-dream, watching the while with unseeing eyes the procession of white clouds which drove across the disc of blue sky above her.

Perhaps it was because of the position which she had taken, or her unconscious study of the sky, that she caught no hint of the presence of a man at the point where the road entered the quarry. From an ambush of willow scrub he had seen her stop and survey the fields where Denison Grant was at work, and had followed her stealthily down the trail which led to her trap. Now he had her.

"How do, Zen?" he said, suddenly stepping into the open. "Ain't you glad to see me?"

The girl sprang to her feet and turned startled eyes toward the road—the only exit from this stone dungeon.

"Who are you? What do you want? Go away! I don't know you at all!"

The offensive smile broadened. "That is where I have the advantage of you, Mrs. Transley. I have changed. I admit, but you—you are as beautiful as ever."

"How dare you speak to me in such a way! You have learned my name. It is true, but I do not know you at all. Now will you go, or must I call my husband to throw you into the river?"

"That would be some about, seeing that your husband isn't at home, and hasn't been for two weeks. You see, I may be a stranger, but I know some things. And even if he was at home, wouldn't you be more likely to call Denison Grant?"

The man had gradually advanced, but still kept himself well between Zen and her only avenue of escape.

"Who are you?" she demanded again. "Why do you follow me here?"

"An old friend, Zen; just an old friend, come to collect an old account. Pay up quietly and there'll be no trouble, but raise a fuss and I'll throw you into the river. That wouldn't leave much evidence, would it? It's wonderful how a person who has been drowned disappears and is soon forgotten."

Zen's eyes had gone large and her limbs were shaking. "Drak!" she exclaimed.

"Right enough; your old friend, George Drak." He came up close to her and extended his hand. "Ain't you goin' to shake hands with your old friend, Zen?" he smirked before her.

"You were no friend of mine—never," she flared back, while her brain was hunting wildly for some plan of escape. "I thought I had killed you. And I was sorry I had done it. Now, I'm sorry I didn't!"

"Well, now, Zen, that's too bad. I was willin' to forgive you, and hopin' we'd be friends. Don't you think it would be better to be friendly-like, Zen?"

"There was a menace under his oily words that gripped her in terror. She decided to play for time. Perhaps, Sarah—perhaps Denny—if only Denison Grant would come!

"Sit down, George, and tell me about it," she said. "I suppose I owe you an apology. Tell me how you got away, and where you have been all this time."

"That's better. We're goin' to be good friends, eh, Zen? The best of friends, eh, Zen? You and George 'll just sit down and talk it over."

She led him to the rock where she had been seated, and let him sit down beside her. She seized one of her hands in his; she would have with drawn it, but he held it tighter.

"No, we're goin' to be good friends," he reminded her. "The best of friends."

"Yes, but first tell me about yourself. How did you get out of the river that day?"

"Oh, I drifted ashore. Can't kill George Drak. I was pretty full of water, and I lay on the bank for quite a while, but I came around in time. Then I seen what had happened about the fire, and I reckoned this was a good time to make my getaway. So I beat it right out of the country, and nobody bothered followin'."

"Yes, yes, go on," she urged, eager to keep him absorbed in his story. "That was very clever of you. And then what did you do—after you got out of the country?"

"Got a job. No trouble for George Drak to get a job. Then when the war came I tried to get on, but somehow they wouldn't have me. Said I'd be more useful at home. So I stayed on and had some pretty good jobs and some pretty nice girls, Zen, but I never got you quite out of my head; and I kept sayin' to myself, 'Some-time I'll go back and make it up with Zen.' And here I am. Ain't you glad, Zen?"

"Yes—in a way I am. (Oh, will, nobody ever come!) 'But—how did you find me? You know I've been

Continued on page 8

## CASTORIA

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**Saturday, April 5, 1924**

In fifty years from this date the United States will have two hundred millions of people, so says ex-Governor Hartness of Vermont, President of the American Engineering Council.

The Providence Journal heads an editorial with the question: "What will LaFollette do?" The answer to that question is easy: He will do all the harm he can to the Republican party. His power in that direction seems to be without limit. He has absolutely no right to masquerade under the name Republican.

New England seems to be well represented in President Coolidge's cabinet: Hughes, Secretary of State, and Weeks, Secretary of War, are the two original New England members. Now we have Judge Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, of New England descent, and Harlan F. Stone, a native of New Hampshire for Attorney General.

William Jennings Bryan, the perpetual Democratic candidate, expects to be a delegate to the Democratic National Convention from Florida, and when he gets there he is going to nominate the President of the University of Florida for President. That is, he says he shall do it. Probably he hopes with the multitude of candidates there may yet be a chance for himself.

The Federal Department of Labor claims that child labor is decreasing in many of the Southern states, and that it is increasing in Rhode Island. In North Carolina, the Bureau claims the decrease in the last three years has been 33 per cent, and that in Rhode Island the increase of children in the mills, under 16 years old, has been almost as great as has been the decrease in the Southern state. This is not a good record for Rhode Island.

President Coolidge now needs less than a hundred more votes to insure his nomination at Cleveland, and he is practically sure of that number the coming week. If things keep on as they have the past week his will be the only name mentioned in that convention. If Coolidge should be nominated and elected, in November, he will be the first President hailing from New England since the days of Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire. The only Presidents previous to Pierce hailing from New England are the two Adamsons of Massachusetts.

All indications point to a very bitter campaign this fall. The politicians have for some time been furnishing up their political armor, to be ready for the fray. Washington is already surrounded and filled with hatred, envy and malice and all uncharitableness. This feeling will soon spread over the whole country and envelope both parties, and then look out for fireworks everywhere. It is safe to prognosticate that the principal business of the country for the next six months will be politics, and bitter politics at that.

In the building of new roads in the last twenty-five years this country has surpassed all the rest of the world. It is said that the completed mileage throughout the country amounts to 26,536 miles, more than the distance around the world. Last year 8,000 miles were completed, and at the present time some fifteen thousand miles are under construction. In a very short time there will be several ocean to ocean roads completed and in good condition across the entire continent. There will soon be room enough to operate the millions of flivvers without running over more than a few thousand pedestrians every year.

Anybody who wants to buy a jail in fixt rate order can be accommodated by applying to the city of Taunton. Since the prohibition law went into effect the former tipplers of that bailiwick have been able to sleep at home, and for two years the jail has been without a tenant, so now they propose to sell it if a customer can be found. We don't know what anyone wants of it, if anyone else does there is probably a chance to buy a good jail cheap. Perhaps His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor might like to buy it for a place to incarcerate the reporter of the Providence Journal. He cannot seem to keep him out of the State House.

**GENERAL ASSEMBLY**

The Democratic filibuster still continues in the senate, no business of importance transacted. Fifteen weeks of the session have passed and nothing but talk has resulted. Not a single bill of state wide importance has become a law. Meanwhile the annual appropriation bill lies dormant and the state's wards, as well as all the state employees, are suffering for subsistence and daily pay. The house has its business well along, so it remains in session but two days a week. The senate might do the same as far as any important duties are performed. There are now on the senate calendar over one hundred bills waiting consideration, and many gubernatorial appointments, the calendar not having been touched since the first day of the session. Tuesday Senator Greene of Newport attempted to have his bill making certain streets in Newport a part of the state highway system, taken from the committee, but failed by a vote of 15 to 20. He also failed to have the 48 hour bill taken from the committee by a vote of 15 to 17. He then moved to adjourn, which motion was carried.

The 57th annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic of the State of Rhode Island was held in Providence on Monday. The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, Gen. Gaylord M. Saltzgeber, of Ohio, was present. He told the Veterans that there were 157,000 old soldiers of the Civil War still living. The 58th encampment of the national G. A. R. will be held in Boston August 10 to 16. The Women's Relief Corps met at the same time. Steps were taken to maintain a home to shelter a comrade, his wife or widow. A movement for this laudable purpose was taken at this meeting. In the election of officers Mrs. Jennie C. Sisson of Newport was chosen Patriotic Instructor, and Mrs. Grace E. Watson of Newport Chairman of the Executive Board.

James Monroe was the fifth President of the United States, serving from 1817 to 1825. He was born in 1758 and died in 1831. It will be news to most people to know that a son of his still lives. We mentioned the other day a nephew still living nearly one hundred years of age. Since then a son has been discovered. Major Edward James Monroe, living at Jacksonville, Florida, is a son of the early President. He was born July 4, 1815, and on the next Independence Day will be 109 years old. He is reported as well and hearty at that advanced age. These men, father and son, cover the entire period of American history.

According to the Literary Digest there are but four states in the Union that have never been disgraced by lynchings. These are Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The states that still have mob murder are Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas. Most of the other Southern states have a record of more or less lynchings, but they are not of recent years. It is to be hoped that the South, as well as the rest of the country, is improving.

President Coolidge has this week carried the convention in Rhode Island, the primary contests in Illinois, Nebraska, and Michigan. Thus far he has the Republican delegates from all but two states, Wisconsin and South Dakota. Wisconsin is for LaFollette, and South Dakota is for Hiram Johnson.

A Spanish vessel with 40,000 gallons of rum on board went ashore on Monomoy Point the other night. The crew was saved but the rum was lost. Many a thirsty toper would rather have saved the rum than the Spaniards.

It is a great game that a President is forced to play to try to get a \$100,000 man to accept a cabinet position at \$12,000 and an automobile. And if he doesn't succeed the country gets after the President.

"Well, for Heaven's sake," sputtered George, as he entered the house late the other afternoon, "who told you to put that paper on the wall?" "Your wife," replied the paper hanger.

"Oh, yes. Pretty, isn't it?" said George.

**Blue Uniforms Too Heavy.**  
When the volunteer troops were called for the Spanish-American war it was found that the heavy dark blue uniform was too warm for service in the tropics. A service uniform of khaki cloth was therefore introduced. In 1902 the whole dress regulation of the army was changed.

**REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS**

The Republican National Conventions, in both State and District, were held in Providence on Monday and elected the following delegates to attend the National Republican Convention in Cleveland in June:

State—William B. Greenough, Providence; Richard S. Aldrich, Warwick; R. Livingston Beckmann, Newport; Peter Cruise, Pawtucket; Walter S. Lederer, Providence; Elizabeth L. Newell, Coventry; and Mary Colt Gross, Providence. Alternates—Fred W. Perkins, Providence; Thomas A. Boyle, Cranston; Emilio Capelli, Providence; Lulu M. Schleisinger, Charlestown; June R. Levy, Burrillville; Agnes A. Babcock, Providence; and Mary A. Van Beuren, Middletown.

District: First: Delegates—William F. Whitehouse, Newport; Pearl M. T. Remington, East Providence. Alternates—Arthur A. Sherman, Portsmouth; Eliza H. Barker, Tiverton. Second: Delegates—Walter A. Nye, Narragansett; Martha A. Gardner, Exeter; Alternates, Carrie Hancock, Providence; John Scheninger, Providence. Third: Delegates—Robert R. Jenks, Pawtucket; Mabel W. Olney, Lincoln; Alternates—Frank Dupuis, Pawtucket; Arthur I. Darman, Woonsocket.

Resolutions were adopted instructing the delegates to work for President Coolidge, and use every reasonable means to bring about his nomination as the party's choice for President. Strong resolutions were passed, condemning the Lieut. Governor for usurpation of power as presiding officer of the state senate, charging him with "unfairness and lack of decent respect for high official duty." Resolutions were also adopted condemning the Ku Klux Klan as "a threat to our institutions and destructive to our fundamental law." Resolutions were also adopted approving the course of the Republicans in the State senate "in their united efforts to have duly considered and passed the necessary legislation of the session, without which the important business of the state and its dependent institutions cannot continue."

Also resolutions commending the attitude of Senator Colt and Congressmen Burdick and Aldrich "for their efforts in behalf of legislation to increase the compensation of postal employees." The resolutions urge these officials "to use every proper means to bring about the enactment of such legislation."

Representative Samuel H. Davis of Westerly presided and made the keynote address, dealing largely with the tariff question. Senator Arthur A. Sherman of Portsmouth, the senate leader, made a stirring address, showing the arbitrary attitude of the Lieutenant Governor as presiding officer of the senate, and the action, or lack of action, of the Democratic minority in the senate. He was followed in the same line by Mrs. Edward S. Moulton of Providence, vice chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. Her address was a most excellent one and was listened to with marked attention. The principal speaker of the day was Congressman Sanders of Indiana, who dealt largely with National affairs. He showed what this administration had done in reducing the burdens on the taxpayer, and the great reductions they had made to the great war burden.

The convention was harmonious throughout. There was no contest of any kind, and enthusiasm prevailed at every move.

**And There You Are.**  
Barrister—"Was this arranged by word of mouth?" Witness—"I don't know what you mean. He talked and I talked, and there you are."

**Method.**  
Method is like packing things in a box: a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.—Cecil.

**Weekly Calendar APRIL 1924**

	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
1							2
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30			

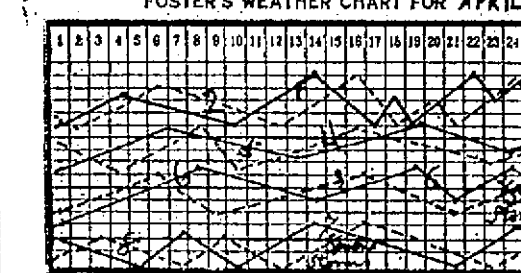
New moon April 4th, 2:15 morning  
Full Moon April 15th, 9:12 morning  
First Quarter April 12th, 6:13 morning  
Last Quarter April 25th, 11:25 evening

**Deaths.**

In this city, 6th inst, Ida M., wife of William D. Chapman, and daughter of the late Ferdinand A. and Henrietta Cornell.  
In this city, 6th inst., Ester Victoria, wife of Rudolf W. Wettstein, in her 70th year.  
In this city, 5th inst., Raymond Piccolo.  
In this city, John R. Klunger, in his 25th year.  
In this city, April 10, Herman Macklevich.  
In Hollis, L.I., April 5, Sarah Catherine, wife of Thomas C. Weaver and daughter of the late George H. and Henrietta Stevens Draper and granddaughter of James S. and Sarah Foster Stevens.  
In Portsmouth, R. I., John Rogers Coggeshall, in his 61st year.

**FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN**

**FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR APRIL 1924**



Straight, heavy, horizontal lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of same days of the year for forty years. Crooked lines above normal lines mean warmer than today; that which is below the normal line, cooler. The chart is for the section 1, north of latitude 47, between meridians 80 and 85, and for section 2, on a section map is for east of meridian 80, north of latitude 47-3, between latitudes 39 and 47 and between meridians 80 and 85, and for section 3, east of meridian 80, between latitudes 39 and 47-3, south of latitude 39, between meridians 80 and 85, and for section 4, east of meridian 80, south of latitude 39-7, north of latitude 33, west of meridian 80, south of latitude 43 to Mexico line and west of Rockies crest.

Washington, Apr. 12, 1924.—Again I warn you of a serious world shortage of grain not far ahead of us. I know that I am correct on general forecasts. I also know that my troublesome errors are in the details of weather events. One of them for the winter of 1923-24 hit me hard in southwestern Texas and western Oklahoma. It is the beginning of a world shortage of grain I assure you that winter grain is badly damaged in several states by the great winter drought.

I have not missed foretelling the great droughts of the world for seven years. All northern Europe will get a drought Sept. 1 to Jan. 31, 1924-25. All the northern half of Asia and Europe will get a great drought Oct. 1 to Feb. 28, 1924-25. A very disastrous drought will occur in Canada and the United States Mar. 1 to July 31, 1925. All of Europe will get a drought Sept. 1 to Jan. 31, 1925-26. I can do no greater service than to give information of these future

**BLOCK ISLAND**  
(From our regular correspondent)

**Grotto Coming Next Month**  
Kolah Grotto of Newport is planning to pay a visit to Block Island in late May or early June, and a gala occasion is promised. The famous Grotto Band, and the Patrol and Bugle and Drum Corps, in the showy Grotto uniform, will be present and a short street parade will be made. In the evening, there will be initiation into the Order and an entertainment will follow.

In addition to Kolah Grotto of Newport, which will be in full charge of the affair, large delegations are expected from Sulzbr Grotto of Providence, Azab Grotto of Fall River, and other New England cities. Kolah Grotto Patrol has held the New England championship for the past two years, and also made a wonderful showing in the national competition in Cleveland, Ohio, last June. The members are planning to go to Indianapolis this year to compete for the championship of the United States. For the last three years Kolah Grotto has won the first prize for the best appearing Grotto in line at the New England Field Day meetings.

While the Grotto is in no sense a part of the Masonic system, only Master Masons are eligible for membership. It bears about the same relation to the Blue Lodge that the Shrine does to the Commandery.

Mr. Oliver C. Rose, who has been at the Newport Hospital for the past week for observation, shows considerable improvement, and it is now believed that an operation will be unnecessary. Mr. and Mrs. Rose hope to return to the Island next week.

**Tax Books**  
The new tax books are now ready and may be procured at the Post Office and at the Public Market.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ballard, Miss Mabel Ballard and Mrs. Schuyler Ball have arrived on the Island after sojourning in Florida the past winter.

**Crime Wave Again Breaks Out**  
The crime wave which raged on the Island for several months last fall



You can live with U.S.N. Deck Paint in comfort. 'Tis rugged beyond the ordinary need of your house, porch, floor, wall or furniture.

You can wash away all traces of mishaps ruinous to other finishes. U.S.N. Deck Paint was made to withstand wear and weather.

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**BOSTON MARKET REVIEW**

Prepared by the Boston Office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

For Week Ending April 5, 1924

**BRIGHTON LIVESTOCK AND BOSTON WESTERN DISSEMINATED MEATS**  
Hog receipts moderate; market quiet, demand normal. Bulk of sales \$7.50-8.25. Butcher cattle receipts moderate, market steady, demand light. Cows and heifers \$3.00-6.50, bulls \$3.00-3.50, canners and cutters, cows and heifers \$2.00-2.50. Receipts of veal calves very light, market steady, demand limited. Light weight selling at \$1.00-6.00, heavies at \$7.00-8.50 per 100 lbs. Milk cows receipts moderate, market weak, demand limited. Cholera \$15.00-15.00, good \$10.00-14.00, medium \$12.00-15.00 and common \$8.00-10.00 per 100 lbs. of meat. Beef, Receipts limited, 100 lbs. of meat. Good light, good steers \$15.50-16.00 and good cows \$14.00-15.50 per 100 lbs. Veal receipts moderate, market around \$1.00 lower, demand light. Medium veal is selling at \$1.00-1.30 and common at \$1.00-1.00 per 100 lbs. Lamb supply limited, market \$1.00-2.00 higher, demand limited. Choice lambs are selling at \$28.00-30.00 with good at \$28.00-27.00 per 100 lbs. Butcher supply extremely light, market about steady, demand light. Pork receipts extremely light, market on Lard around \$3.00 high, demand light, \$7.50-35.00, ar. lard are selling at \$18.00-20.00, but 15 lbs. are selling at \$14.00-15.00 per 100 lbs. Pickles are firm at \$10.00-11.00 for 4 1/2 lb. av. and \$9.00-10.00 for 6 1/2 lb. av.

**FRUITS AND VEGETABLES**

No report.  
**DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS**  
Dressed Poultry. Market firmer because of more limited supplies of fresh dressed. Fowl 5 lbs. 30-31c, 4-1/2 lbs. 30-31c, 3-3/4 lbs. 25c. Chicken 5 lbs. 31-32c, 4-1/2 lbs. 30-32c, 3-3/4 lbs. 25c. Live Poultry steady, receipts light and demand moderate. Fowl 24c, chickens 23-25c. Butter market firmer the first of week, prices ranging higher. Further advances thought by many to be unwarranted and tone at close of week only steady. Foreign butter continues to arrive unsolicited. 32 score 41-42c, 32 score 40c. Eggs Market: Receipts ample to demand but sellers are pushing sales. Some buyers taking ahead of needs for Easter and Jewish holidays. Western extras 26-27c, extra firsts 25-26c, firsts 23 1/2-24c, seconds 22 1/2-23c, nearby hennerys 25-26c, with brown up to 28c.

Massachusetts will prepare a "Gold Star" book to contain the names of all its boys who died in the war under plans outlined before ways and means by Adjt.-Gen. Stevens. The book will cost \$10.00.

George Prunett of Barre, Vt., accused of murder, was found not guilty on the ground of insanity, by a jury. He was charged with killing 12-year-old Leona Tracy in Barre last August.

Four deer were seen in Belfast, Me., near the Knowlton farm on Northport Avenue at Little River. They appeared in good condition although had undoubtedly been driven out of the woods, where the snow is still deep, by hunger.

Julian Emery, a prominent dairy farmer of Bar Harbor, Me., was re-elected president of the Maine Federation of Farm Bureaus for the fourth time at the annual meeting in Orono, held in connection with farmers' week.

A special service in recognition of the 10th anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon as minister of the Old South Church, Boston, was held in that church. On Wednesday afternoon, April 2, 1884, a council met in the Old South Church and installed Dr. Gordon of Greenwich Ct., as minister.

The great center column of Milford, Mass., pink granite intended for the war memorial at Washington, was shipped last week. It was 35 feet tall and 5 feet 6 inches in diameter. Its weight was 66 tons, but when quarried it weighed 200 tons. Milford is getting out other columns and parts of the memorial.

"If the motoring public must race with death, it must be done in some state other than Maine, as our department intends to show no mercy to operators who disregard signals at railroad crossings or who race trains to the crossing," declares Capt. Harold A. Miller, chief of the state highway police, in a letter forwarded to the public utilities commission.

Alarmed at the silence of the pet caucy of Mrs. Mary T. Barrett, neighbors tried the door of the woman's apartment in the Trevelyan building, Portland, Me., found it locked and summoned police. Entrance was effected and Mrs. Barrett, widely known Christian Science practitioner, was found dead in a chair, fully clothed.

When a heavy timber which he was attempting to lift fell on his right leg, 11-year-old Ivory Goodwin at Hiram, Me., was pinned to the ground. A chum of the same age tried to lift the beam, but his strength was not sufficient. Ivory's pet Airedale came to the rescue and after he barked unavailingly for aid, tugged with the other boy at the injured lad's coat until he was dragged from under the beam. At a hospital here the boy was resting comfortably, and it was said that his dog's aid probably saved the leg, which is fractured, from amputation.

A Boston fern, the property of A. R. Stebbins of Brattleboro, Vt., has shown a remarkable growth in the five years of its existence. Mr. Stebbins bought it early in 1919, when it was a small plant with just one leaf. It has grown marvelously without ever having been moved from the same spot in the Stebbins home until now it has 105 leaves of which the longest is exactly 39 inches.

There are 35 leaves that are six feet or more long and several of shorter length.



# MISS MARIE STITT

Very Popular in Washington Society



Miss Marie Stitt, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. E. R. Stitt, one of the popular members of Washington's younger set.

## WEEKS SENDS PAPERS; TO BE WITNESS LATER

War Secretary Complies With Daugherty Committee's Request for Documents.

Washington.—Secretary of War John W. Weeks complied with the request of the Senate Daugherty committee that he submit certain papers bearing on aircraft cases, but the personal appearance of the secretary for questioning was postponed until a later date.

The records which Mr. Weeks forwarded to Chairman Brookhart were those taken from Thomas F. Lane, formerly adviser to the chief of the Air Service, when Lane was dropped from the service. The committee had sought to get the papers from Captain W. F. Voland, who took them from Lane's desk, but Voland replied that a personal summons addressed to the secretary himself would be necessary. It was said he would appear after the committee's present line of inquiry into charges of aircraft frauds has been completed.

In pursuance of this branch of its investigation, the committee again had both Voland and Lane before it, and called other witnesses having a knowledge of the government's wartime aircraft program and the steps that have been taken since the armistice toward financial settlements with the firms involved.

Members of the committee agree they are astounded over the seeming unnecessary delay in compiling data for war fund prosecution. Plenty of evidence in the War Department files that such frauds ran into many millions of dollars have been presented, but the present process, whereby all prosecutions must be initiated by the Department of Justice, has served apparently as an unsurmountable barrier to punishing the guilty.

It has been developed by the Daugherty investigation that about four years has been the average which has been found necessary in compiling the facts in connection with alleged overpayments in the Army Air Service.

## WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

**BUENOS AIRES.**—Nobody laid down his tools to take advantage of the new law abolishing work for everyone who has toiled twenty-five years.

**TOLEDO, Ohio.**—The death of Philip Miller marks the fifteenth death in Toledo in a few days from drinking denatured alcohol. Two others are in serious condition.

**PARIS.**—Premier Poincare indicated France will not accept the findings of the commission of experts on Germany's capacity to pay reparations if it involves abandoning occupation of the Ruhr.

**JERSEY CITY.**—Jersey City grand jury refuses to return blue-law indictments.

**CHICAGO.**—Agitation over pacifist "pinks" grows at Northwestern University and University of Wisconsin.

**NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.**—The Devereux School, a Niagara Falls military academy, was closed for two weeks because of an outbreak of mumps.

**NEW YORK.**—The Woolworth Building, the world's tallest office structure, was sold for \$11,000,000 to the Woolco Realty Company by the Broadway Park Place Realty Corporation, a holding company.

**MUNICH.**—General Ludendorff was acquitted for the part he played in the unsuccessful Nationalist revolt in Munich on November 8 and 9 last year. Adolf Hitler, former chief of Police Pöchner, Dr. Weber and Colonel Kriebel were sentenced to five years' confinement in a fortress and a fine of 10 gold marks each.

**MONTREAL.**—Eight masked men, who opened fire on a money car of the Bank of Montreal, escaped with \$142,233 after one of their number and a bank employee had been killed and another bank employee slightly wounded.

## BANDITS RAID VILLAGE BANK

Lock Up Girl and Clerk at Bellmore, L. I., Squeeze \$6,000 Cash, Then Shoot Visitor.

Abandon Buick and Escape After Swift Zigzag Flight Across Long Island—Pachogue Man Shot Dead as He Enters.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Six robbers held up a woman cashier of the First National Bank at Bellmore, L. I., stole \$6,000 and shot and killed a man who blocked their path of escape.

They fled in a sedan that roared up the village street as the desperados fired shots from the car. They left several clues, including finger prints.

The man killed was Ernest Whitman, a bond salesman, employed by Hutter & Co., No. 14 Wall street. Five bullets entered his head and body. The six men, who received \$1,000 each for their desperate work, made Whitman's young wife a widow and their two children fatherless. The Whitmans lived at Patchogue.

The woman cashier, who tried vainly to reach a burglar alarm with her foot, is Miss Mary Umhoeuer. She lives at North Bellmore.

Five hours after the holdup, the car was found abandoned on Maple avenue, near Hicksville, four miles north of Bellmore. Blood-stains on the rear seat indicated one of the bandits had been cut by glass from the rear window as he fled at pursuers.

Miss Umhoeuer was alone in the car, which took place shortly after noon. In a rear room Rudolph Kowalt, banking room at the time of the holdup, was eating his luncheon when two of the bandits entered the bank. Charles S. Vanderhoff, head cashier, and Miss Ethel Nevins, stenographer were out for luncheon.

The bandits made no effort to find the bank vault. In it was \$30,000 in currency and securities.

They also overlooked \$4,000 in currency on a tray in the cashier's cage. This money was in packages.

The noon hour found the business streets of Bellmore nearly deserted. On hearing shots, persons ran out of stores and offices. Among these was Mrs. Ida Michaels, wife of a cigar store manager across the street from the bank.

Risking the fire of the escaping bandits, she called out the number on the rear license plate to William Jagy. He jotted it down.

The number of the robbers' car was given as No. 1030617. A car carrying that license number was stolen from Julius Presses, electrician of No. 603 Prospect avenue, the Bronx.

Presses told detectives, however, that his car was not a Buick, but an Overland, and if the robbers used a Buick they must have put the plates from his car on it.

Sheriff Kelsey and Chief Phillips, of the county police, deduced that Whitman deliberately blocked the way of the bandits. He was thirty-eight, well proportioned and known as fearless. The position of his body indicated that he had spread his feet apart in the doorway.

For the few minutes of the bank raid they held the center of Bellmore in terror, but one man kept cool enough to call out the numbers of their rear license plate while a woman jotted them down. Two garage men who ran into the road to get the numbers were rewarded with rifle fire. Three men leaped into an automobile and gave chase until a rifle shot made them desist. Poses of officers and citizens scurried over a dozen roads and found clues, but no prisoners. The slayers abandoned their car late in the afternoon four miles north of the hold-up scene after a course of many miles.

Whitman, a war veteran, belonged to the American Legion, the Elks and the Woodmen of America.

The Nassau County Bankers' Association met in the Bank of Rockville Centre to consider a proposal by one of their members that a reward of \$5,000 be offered for capture of the murderers. Frank T. Dolano, president of the Bank of Rockville, is president of the association.

### U. S. TREATY WITH FRANCE

Full Privileges Assured Americans in Syria and the Lebanon.

Washington.—This Government has concluded a treaty with France assuring the United States full privileges in Syria and the Lebanon, now administered under French mandate. The treaty is similar to the agreement recently concluded with Japan with respect to islands under mandate in the North Pacific Ocean and to treaties with France and Belgium in regard to Africa.

### MELLON DENOUNCES TAX BILL

Calls it Capital Levy; Should be Left to States.

Washington.—The increase in the estate tax rates made in the revenue bill by the house was denounced by Secretary Mellon before the senate committee as "economic suicide."

"The estate tax is a levy on capital primarily and carried to an excess degree in no way from the revolutionists of Russia," Mr. Mellon said. He argued this form of taxation should be left principally to the states.

## A. TSURUPA

Prominent in Russia's Soviet Government



A. Tsurupa, vice president of the council of commissars of the Russian republic, who has come to the front in the management of the affairs of the soviet government since the death of Lenin.

## UPHOLD POINCARE, PREVENTING CRISIS

Deputies Register Confidence in Foreign Policy, When Cabinet Threatens to Quit.

Paris.—The Chamber of Deputies voted confidence in the Government of Premier Poincare, 408 to 161.

Nettled by the obstructive tactics of the opposition, Premier Poincare had threatened to present the resignation of the entire Cabinet to President Millerand unless the Chamber of Deputies' discussion of foreign policy was completed and a vote obtained.

When M. Dubois insisted that the Government again state its position on the Ruhr question, Premier Poincare declared emphatically:

"I repeat we will not evacuate the Ruhr until the total payment of reparation."

"Should the Reparation Commission propose a substitution of pledges of a character more general than those we are now working under we will examine the proposition," continued the Premier, "but we will not abandon the Ruhr and will resume work in it upon the slightest default on the part of Germany."

This statement was received with loud applause. The Premier's reference to the Government's unalterable decision not to evacuate the Ruhr occasioned the only enthusiasm the Chamber has shown toward the new Cabinet since it appeared before Parliament.

Deputy Dubois recalled that the Reparation Commission had decided unanimously to fix Germany's debt at 132,000,000,000 gold marks. He said the British delegate on the Commission had voted at that time with his colleagues from the other nations and that the amount had been arrived at after a minute and complete investigation, the Commission availing itself of all possible information. He besought Premier Poincare not to consent to any reduction and to this the Premier agreed.

## LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Harlan Fiske Stone, of New York, nominated for United States Attorney General.

Democrats soon to start tariff reduction campaign.

United States and Britain patch up twenty-month row over Newcastle. The selection of Stone as Attorney General came as a surprise to a large number of western Senators, who had believed that the choice would go to Judge Kenyon, of Iowa.

Treasury orders closing of international border at Laredo, Texas, to all traffic between 9 p. m. and 9 a. m. daily.

White House announced President Coolidge would spend the summer in Washington.

Adjusted pension bill designed to remove inequalities in payments to veterans of several past wars passed by Senate.

Senate Daugherty committee questioned witnesses in regard to a land case in Oklahoma and federal judgeship appointment.

Budgets of four Cabinet departments total \$66,849,160.

Administration makes concerted drive to speed tax reduction legislation in the senate.

The Government is negotiating with Japan, Germany, Denmark, Italy, Norway, Sweden and The Netherlands for a liquor treaty.

A plan to let the Government pay the campaign expenses of candidates for public office was brought forward by William Jennings Bryan.

Lieut. Ervine Ralph Brown, an Assistant Paymaster in the navy, who was attached to the destroyer Somers of the battle fleet, is missing.

Secretary Wilbur has been notified from the fleet that an examination of the young officer's accounts shows a shortage of \$120,000.

## STONE, N. Y., GETS DAUGHERTY POST

Name of Former Dean of Columbia Law School Sent to the Senate by Coolidge.

IS TYPICAL NEW ENGLANDER

No Friction Expected—Appointee, Chum of President, Gives Up \$125,000 Salary—Democrats Express No Opposition.

Washington.—In Harlan Fiske Stone, of New York, retiring dean of Columbia University Law School, named as attorney general of the United States to succeed Harry M. Daugherty, President Coolidge is convinced he has found a \$100,000 man for a \$125,000 cabinet job. His salary is said to be \$125,000 a year.

The President, it was said at the White House, when Mr. Stone's selection was announced, is also satisfied that the new attorney general will prove to be well grounded in the law, thoroughly efficient as an administrative officer, and absolutely unembarrassed by political affiliations.

Dean Stone is a New Englander of medium height, heavily built, smooth shaven, quietly dressed. His eyes and face have something of that immovability and resolution conspicuous in pictures of President Coolidge.

Indeed both he and the President had a common environment in their early years. The President was born and reared at Plymouth, Vt. Dean Stone at Chesterfield, N. H., in 1872. Both were small-town boys. Both married girls from their own circles.

Both men went to Amherst College, too. The year Dean Stone graduated with his B. S., Calvin Coolidge was still a plugging junior. Four years after that the hard working New Englander from Chesterfield was graduated from Columbia law school and was admitted to the New York bar.

He started practicing law and lecturing at Columbia in 1899.

Once he was making his own way and the future smiled upon him, he did not waste any time getting married. He went back to Chesterfield and changed the name of Miss Agnes Harvey. He was twenty-seven years old then.

Dean Stone has two sons, Marshall and Lauson both at Harvard. Marshall is twenty-one and received his A. B. at Harvard in 1922, having gone through the university in three years after his graduation from Englewood High School. He is now working for his Ph. D. in mathematics and intends going abroad this summer, having won a traveling scholarship.

Lauson is nineteen and a junior at Harvard. He was graduated from the Horace Mann School in 1921. He hopes to study law.

When he retired from the deanship he became a member of the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, 49 Wall street. That also necessitated his withdrawal from the firm of Scatteries, Canfield & Stone, 27 William street, with which he had been associated since his early years at Columbia.

He is a director of the Atlanta & Charlotte Air Line Railroad, a member of the Legislative Drafting Research Fund, president of the American Association of Law Schools, and a member of the national, state, and city bar associations. He is a Phi Beta Kappa and an Alpha Delta Phi, member of the Century and Amherst clubs. And over and above these items he manages to contribute now and then to legal publications.

The appointment of Dean Stone may destroy the geographical balance in the cabinet, but Mr. Coolidge found support at once for his belief that the country wanted an outstanding lawyer—a \$100,000 man willing to take a \$125,000 salary from the government, as the President put it—more than mere residence in any given state or section. New York now has two members of the cabinet, Secretary Hughes being the other; but California has two and Pennsylvania two.

Although Dean Stone was represented as having been associated in his legal practice with large corporate interests, the President's spokesman pointed to that as indication of his ability, rather than constituting in any sense a reflection on him.



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## NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest From the Six States

Actual mobilization of the officers and enlisted men of the reserve corps, as it would be done in event a war emergency arose, is planned for some day to be designated this summer.

Indignation that \$2500 in prizes have been offered for the killing of crows, which he termed "one of the farmers' friends" was expressed by Gov. Percival P. Baxter in a statement. He expressed the hope that Maine people will not participate in the contest.

Seventy-nine cousins living in Quincy, Weymouth and Braintree, Mass., will benefit to the extent of \$1000 each by the provisions of the will of Alexander P. Morrison of San Francisco, which was admitted to probate a few days ago in that city.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts will not know until some time after next June whether it still holds title to 25 acres of land on the shore of Lake Ontario, which the city of Rochester, N. Y., is now using for park purposes.

For six hours Michael De Luce, 35, of Ipswich, Mass., sat on the slate-covered roof of the main hospital building at Danvers 80 feet above the ground. Even when his wife and 10-year-old daughter arrived and beseeched him in his native tongue his attitude did not change. As the clock was striking 4 DeLuce slowly rose from his crouching position. He stretched, deliberately drew a cigarette, forbidden to inmates, from his pocket and lighted it. Then he jumped.

Those at Conference.

Washington.—Means of speeding up legislation in the senate were considered at a White House breakfast conference, attended by about a dozen Republican senators, including Lodge, Borah and Wadsworth.

An endeavor was made to map out a program for the remainder of the session similar to that agreed upon by the executive and Republican leaders of the house.

John Coolidge and Calvin Coolidge, Jr., the sons of President Coolidge, will attend the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Camp Devens in August, according to Colonel Blanton C. Winslip. John Coolidge, who attended the camp last summer, will take the red course in infantry. Calvin Coolidge, Jr., has applied for information and application blanks and will, if accepted, take the basic course.

Labor union representatives of the printing crafts appeared before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Ways and Means and State Administration, sitting jointly in favor of the petition of S. J. McBride, president of the Boston Typographical Union, for a 44-hour week on all State printing. They stated that a 48-hour shop was the successful bidder last year, and then let the contract to a 44-hour shop, with the State saving money on the whole matter.

### HUGHES TO VISIT ENGLAND

Secretary of State Will Accompany Bar Association.

Washington.—Secretary of State Hughes plans to go to England with the American Bar Association in July as guest of the British Bar Association. At least this is his present intention. Whether he goes, it was stated authoritatively, in response to an inquiry, will depend wholly upon the exigencies of the period. As matters now stand Secretary Hughes expects to be able to make the journey.

### COOLIDGE PLEADS FOR SPEED

Lodge, Wadsworth and Borah Among Those at Conference.

Washington.—Means of speeding up legislation in the senate were considered at a White House breakfast conference, attended by about a dozen Republican senators, including Lodge, Borah and Wadsworth.

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(Continued from Page 3)

married since then?"

"So you have, and it hasn't spoiled you a bit. Oh, it didn't take me long to run you down. But I didn't go breezin' up to your house, like I ought 've done if I hadn't been considerate of you. I didn't want no scandal about it, on your account. So I just laid low for awhile. That is how I found out about Grant."

"About Grant? What did you find out about Mr. Grant?"

He made to draw her closer to him, but she held him at bay. "Oh, you're innocent, ain't you, Zen? What about Grant? That's a good one. Your husband would enjoy that!"

"If you're going to talk to me like this we can't be friends, Mr. Drakz." (Still no sign of help). "My friends mustn't think evil of me."

Drakz laughed. "They say a friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same," he leered. "That's me, Zen. I know all about you—you and this Grant fellow. How he's been visitin' you when your husband was away, too. I've kept pretty close tabs on him. Hasn't been comin' around so often lately. Well, true love never did run smooth. Now I could tell your husband all this, and perhaps I ought to; Transley and me is old friends, worked together for years, but I ain't that kind of a fellow. You see, Zen, I know all about you, and I love you just the same. I love you—just—the same!"

He forced her toward him, and she knew that she had spun out her reprieve to its end. She was in the power of this madman. She tried to break from his grasp, but her efforts were puny and wasted against his passionate strength. She struck out wildly, but he crushed down her blows; wrapped his arms about hers; drew her face to his.

"I came to collect an account, Zen," he hissed, "and now you are going to pay!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

Transley, returning by an earlier train than he had expected, found Sarah at the house and Wilson engaged in dialogue with the family pig. The lad, on hearing the motor, rushed to his father's arms.

"Well, well, what a big boy you are!" cried Transley, swinging him up to his shoulders. "And how is the pig? And how is your friend Grant?"

"Mother hasn't let me go to see him lately. I don't know why. Ever since the night I slept at his house—"

"You slept at his house? When?"

"The day you went away. And mother was there in the morning—"

"Wilson, where is your mother?"

"I don't know, daddy."

He strode sharply into the house.

"Sarah, where is Mrs. Transley?"

"I don't know, sir," said the maid.

Then, frightened out of her reticence by her master's unusual severity—"I think she has gone to the old quarry, sir. She often goes up there of an afternoon."

"A trying place!" Transley gasped inwardly. He dropped the boy and, in his own room, found a revolver and cartridges. A moment later he was swinging in long, angry steps up the quarry road. Wilson, puzzled by the sudden interruption of his father's greeting, followed at a discreet distance.

"I've suspected—I've suspected," Transley was raging as he walked; "I've suspected—more than I've said. Give 'em enough rope. That's my plan. And now they've taken it. By God, if they have!"

With every step the wrath and horror within him grew. He was at the quarry before he knew it. He paused for a moment to listen. Yes, there were people present. There were sounds—God, it sounded like a fight!

Transley rushed in. A man and a woman were reeling in each other's arms. "I hate you! I hate you!" the woman was crying. "You coward! You coward!" The woman was his wife. The man was—not Dennison Grant.

Although Transley had a revolver in his pocket it was not his customary weapon, and his thought did not turn naturally to it. In this tremendous moment he forgot it altogether. He rushed upon his wife's assailant, clutching him about the throat.

With the strength of a madman Drakz flung Zen to the ground, where she fell unconscious at his feet. Then he tore himself free from Transley's grip about his throat. The next moment the two men were swaying about in a struggle of death.

As they swung in each other's arms, crushing, choking, clutching at each other's throats, it was slowly forced home upon Transley that this was a losing fight. His assailant had the strength, and, after a hesitating moment of surprise, the ferocity of a lion. He had broken Transley's first grip of advantage about his throat and seemed in momentary prospect of reversing the situation. There were no talk, no cries, no oaths; it was a silent fight save the grunting and panting which became more and more labored as the minutes drew on. In their clutches Drakz's stubbled face rubbed into Transley's well-groomed cheek; his snarling teeth snapped, but missed, at Transley's jaw.

Then it was that Transley remembered his revolver. Breaking Drakz's grip by a superhuman effort, he drew the weapon and fired. The shot went wild, and the next instant Drakz was upon him again. In the struggle the revolver fell from Transley's hand, and both men began fighting toward it. As Drakz's fingers clutched it Transley kicked his feet from under him, and the two went down together, rolling about on the rocky floor of the quarry

they approached, slowly, unconsciously, the edge of the precipice that fell away to the river.

On the very edge Transley realized this new and hideous danger, and



The Next Moment the Two Men Were Swaying About in a Struggle of Death.

scrambled to his feet, dragging Drakz with him. Drakz realized it, too, and gleefully, headstall joined again in the combat, deliberately forcing the fight toward the river.

"I've got you, Transley!" he hissed, speaking for the first time since Transley's fingers had clutched about his throat; "I've got you, and you're going over there—with me! Zen tried to drown me once; now I'll drown you, if I have to go with you. I've got you, Transley!"

"Drakz!" Transley exclaimed, a light of recognition breaking upon him. "You!"

"Yes, me—Zen's old lover, and you give her to me, or we go out together!"

"You're mad, Drakz, mad!" Transley cried. "Why?"

But at that moment Drakz, by a sudden, convulsive, whipped a knife from his pocket. Transley felt its sting—once, twice, three times; then darkness fell. Zen, recovering from her stun, sat up in time to see her husband staggering in the arms of Drakz.

Half a mile away Dennison Grant had been lazily plowing up and down his prairie field when he suddenly saw Wilson approaching at his topmost speed. Since the night of the storm he had missed the boy tremendously; sometimes he had thought that if only he might have the companionship of Wilson he could be reconciled to the loss of Zen. He knew that a veto had been placed on Wilson's visits, and he bore Zen no ill will; he felt that he understood her motives. But now, as the boy came racing toward him, Grant felt his heart bounding about in an extraordinary manner.

"Why, what's the matter?" Grant cried, as Wilson drew up beside him. "Has something happened to the pig?"

It was a moment before the boy could speak.

"A man—is fighting my father—and shooting at him," he gasped. "And my mother's—dead!"

Grant cleared the plow at a bound. "Where?" he demanded.

"At the old quarry. I ran all the way."

But Grant was already stripping the harness from Prince. The next moment he had flung himself upon the horse's back, and, leaving the boy to follow as he could, was galloping across the prairie to the quarry trail.

Under his urging the astonished plow horse developed a quite surprising speed; in a couple of minutes they were on the old road to the quarry, and a moment later horse and rider dashed into the rock-rimmed cut which overhung the river.

Grant's first glimpse was of Zen; she had struggled to her feet; thank God, she was not dead. Then he saw the two men by the edge of the cliff; Transley he recognized; saw the knife rise and strike—

The blow Grant landed in Drakz's face sent that gentleman spinning like a top. Like a top, too, Drakz wobbled at the end of his spin; wobbled over the edge of the precipice, and dropped out of sight.

Grant fell on his knees beside the stricken Transley; leaned over; raised the quivering form in his arms. Zen, beside him, drew the sorely mangled head to her breast and whispered words of endearment into ears soon closing to all mortal sounds.

Presently Transley opened his eyes. They were sane, quiet eyes now; the fight was over; only the eternities lay ahead.

"Grant—tell me one thing," he murmured. "You have been straight—with Zen?"

"As God hears me," Grant answered.

For an instant the eyes of the rivals—and friends—met; rivals no longer; friends only, forever. Then the form of Transley slumped in the arms of Zen and Dennison Grant; shivered, and settled into eternal sleep.

The sun of another summer was flooding the lonesome banks of the foothills when Zen and Dennison Grant rode together over the old trail to the Y.D. Since Transley's death Grant had not spoken to Zen of love; he seemed to know that at the proper time Zen herself would break silence. And now she had asked him to accompany her

to her father's home, and to spend a few days ransacking their old haunts in the foothills.

Y.D., after, but in unimpaired vigor, greeted him boisterously. "Well, well, you old coyote! Had to come back to the hills! They all do. If I was a young man again I'd get me a herd of heifers and trek into the back country, spite o' hell an' high water—"

The greeting of the rancher's wife was less effusive, but no less sincere. The evening was spent in hospitality and in a picturesque recounting by the rancher of events in the brave days before barbed wire fences pricked every bubble of romance, and at a late hour it was Zen's own hands that carried Dennison's lamp and guided him to the spare room for the night.

The next afternoon Zen appeared at the gate with horses saddled for two. "Come, Denny, we are going for a ride," she announced, "and in a few minutes their mounts were pounding down the trail which led over the foothills to the South Y.D."

Zen was strangely silent upon their ride, and Grant, after futile attempts to engage her in conversation, was content to ride at her side and admire her horsemanship and her beauty. The suffering and the years had left her strangely unscarred; she seemed to Grant wholly as adorable as on that day of her unspoken confession when they had met at the ford. Soon she must speak! Well, he had waited; he still could wait.

They followed the trail, little changed by all the passage of years, down the slopes to the South Y.D. They forded the river, and Zen swung her horse about in the grove of cottonwoods.

"You remember this spot, Denny?" she asked. "It is where we first met."

"I remember," he said. No, he would not be tempted into a demonstration. She must lead.

The sun was gilding the mountain tops with gold, and gilding, too, Zen's face and hair with beauty ineffable. For a moment she sat in the shining light like a statue of bronze. For an instant her eyes met his; then fell. She spurred her horse to a plunge and galloped ahead up the valley.

Minutes passed, and the quick twilight of the foothills was upon them before she drew up again. This time it was by a great boulder, a sort of flat rock stranded on the sloping shoulder of a hill. Something seemed to burst in Grant's throat as he recognized it—the rock on which they had spent that memorable night so long ago when the world and they were young! Thank God, Zen was young still! Romance burned in her heart—who but Zen would have thought of this?

He sprang from his horse, and she from hers. He approached her with open arms.

"Zen—you have brought me here for a purpose! Don't deny it! I understand!"

She was in his arms. "How well you read one's mind," she murmured. "But oh, how slowly!"

He held her tight. There were worlds to say, but he could whisper only "Zen—my Zen," into the tangled glory of her hair.

At length she held him gently away. "I believe some one is coming up the trail," she said.

It was true enough; a horse and rider were rapidly approaching. As he skirted the hill he caught sight of them, swung off from the trail, and rode up beside them.

"Ah, here you are!" he exclaimed. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting, Mrs. Transley!"

"You are punctuality itself," Zen said, as she took his hand. "You haven't met Mr. Grant? Denny, this is Mr. Munroe—the reverend Mr. Munroe."

"The reverend! What! How! Zen, explain things!"

"Very simple. Mr. Munroe was to meet us here at eight. It's eight o'clock, and here he is."

Zen was unstrapping a kit from her saddle. "I have a document here—if I haven't lost it—which will interest Mr. Munroe. Ah, here it is!"

She produced an envelope, and Mr. Munroe examined the contents. "Seems all in order," he remarked. "A license authorizing the marriage of Dennison Grant and Zenith Transley. This rock should make a very acceptable pulpit. Suppose, Mr. Grant, you take this woman's hand in yours and stand before me!"

It was dark when the minister, having completed the ceremony and shared in the supper which Zen produced from a saddlebag, said a hearty adieu and turned his horse's head down the valley. Dennison and Zen listened to the pounding of hoofs until it died out in the distance. Then the tremendous, the immeasurable silence of the hills wrapped them all about, folded them in its friendly arms, fondled and caressed them on the threshold of their new life.

After awhile the moon came up, white and glorious, as it had that night so many years before.

[THE END.]

Woman and Her Secret.

A woman may be able to do her own housework, but she always has to get some other woman to help her keep a secret.

Timber in Mines.

The consumption of timber in the mines of the United States has practically doubled within the last twenty years.

Yams Not Sweet Potatoes.

True yams are entirely distinct from sweet potatoes and are much like the Irish potato in composition and food value.

## The COTTAGE GARDENER

### To Supply Table With Vegetables

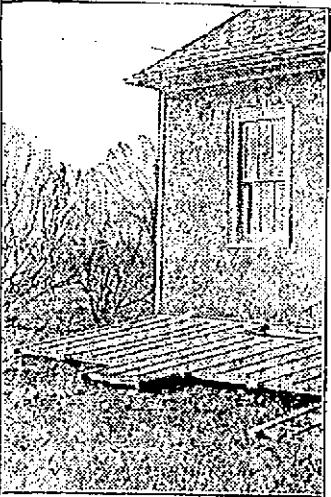
#### Coldframe Is Advocated as Means of Providing the Crispy Greens.

Kitchen gardens were a necessary adjunct to the home in the earlier days, but at present a kitchen coldframe is advocated as a means of supplying the family table with fresh lettuce, parsley, radishes, cress, and other vegetables at periods of the year when it is too cold to grow these things in the open ground. While it is true that the coldframe may not give very good results during the winter months, especially in the northern part of the country, yet in the early spring excellent results may be had from its use, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

The construction of a coldframe is comparatively simple, as the side walls may be made of boards, brick, hollow tile or concrete. Where the construction is of boards, cypress lumber should be used, and it is a good plan to have the walls made double and some dry straw or planing mill shavings packed in the space between them. If the walls are of brick, they should be plastered, both inside and out, to make them air-tight. Hollow-tile walls should also be plastered the same as brick.

One of the best types of construction is simply to put in a little foundation, then set up frames and tump in well-mixed concrete consisting of about three parts clean, broken stone or gravel, two parts sharp sand and one part cement. The ingredients should be placed on a mixing board or in a box and thoroughly mixed while dry, then water added gradually and the mass turned three or four times until it is thoroughly mixed and is of a consistency that can readily be tamped as it is put into the forms.

The size of coldframe to build will depend upon circumstances. Standard coldframe or hotbed sash are 8 by 6 feet in size and the frame may be constructed to accommodate one, two, or even as high as five or six of these sashes. The front or south wall of the coldframe should be about 12 inches in height, while the rear or north wall should be 24 to 30 inches high, and the ends sloping to correspond with the front and rear walls. Wooden plates, preferably of 2 by 6 cypress material, should be bedded on top of the wall and held in place by bolts



A Well-Constructed Coldframe.

that extend down into the concrete. Rafter upon which the sash rest are fitted to these plates. At the upper side of the bed a sort of overlying board should be put on in such manner that the end of the sash will slide up beneath it, making the bed tight. The lower end of the sash should extend slightly over the edge of the bed to carry off the water.

In addition to the sash covering, straw mats, blankets or even old carpet may be used to keep out cold. Where the coldframe can be located on the south side of the garage, this will give it extra protection. A well-constructed bed of this character will provide lettuce and other salad crops without the application of artificial heat. Plants may be started in the living room during February and planted in the bed in March, giving a supply of salad for the table during the spring months or, until outdoor lettuce, radishes and spinach can be grown.

#### ORNAMENTAL BARBERRY

Thamberg's barberry, one of the Japanese barberries, is a handsome ornamental and defensive hedge plant. It will grow four or five feet high and as many broad. It may be left without trimming or be trained into a compact formal hedge. It bears an abundance of bright red berries that hold on the plant all winter, but does not harbor the winter-rust fungus.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

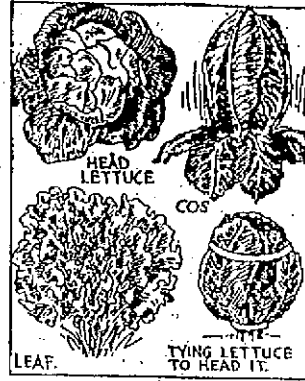
## May Have Lettuce for Every Season

### Popular Vegetable Should Be Started Indoors to Get Good Plants.

Lettuce has come to be a staple vegetable on the table. It appears in many families almost as often as potatoes and fills a dietary need quite as important. It supplies in cheap and most palatable form the vitamins A, B and C, which have been discovered to play so large a part in health maintenance.

Next to Swiss chard, lettuce is the most profitable vegetable for the home gardener. It will be found even more useful than chard, for it will be welcomed on the table every day, which can hardly be said of chard. Every well-planned home garden should provide for a succession of lettuce crops which will provide the finest quality for the longest season, and this takes careful planning.

Lettuce is a cool-season crop. When hot summer comes it runs to seed so quickly that from the last of July to the first of September it is possible



Types of Lettuce.

only in shaded beds, carefully tended, which comparatively few will bother with. But during the rest of the garden year some variety of lettuce is possible.

There are four types of lettuce generally grown in this country—leaf, butter-head, crisp-head and cos. All lettuces tend to make heads. In some sections it takes coaxing to make any of them head. It requires to be grown fast, without check, to produce the tender, sweet leaves that we enjoy. The soil, then, must be light, quickly warmed, as rich as possible, especially in nitrogen, and there should be a plentiful supply of water. The richest spot in your garden should be chosen for lettuce and then it should be manured, if possible, and additional feeding with nitrate of soda is advisable.

The first variety to sow is head lettuce, which should always be started indoors. The plants may be set outdoors as soon as the garden soil can be prepared. Keep a reserve in case the first planting should be killed by a hard freeze. In very rich soil, with such an early start, head lettuces of these varieties should be ready in 70 days from date of sowing.

When the head lettuce is set out sow seed of a leaf variety. This may be sown thickly and thinned out to one plant every two inches. Alternate plants may then be harvested half grown, until a spacing of six inches has been reached. All lettuce varieties need at least six inches in the row to reach full growth, and some need more.

Seed of a crisp-heading type, such as New York, the largest of lettuce varieties, or Mignonette, one of the smallest and surest to head, may be sown at the same time as the leaf varieties and the seedlings transplanted when they make true leaves. New York must have at least a foot between plants in the row. It will mature slowly, stand hot weather well and furnish the last crop of the first season.

Cos lettuce, or romaine, which many esteem as the finest of lettuces, may be started indoors or outdoors to fit into the succession where one pleases. It matures in about 80 days. For the fall season omit the crisp-heads and start the desired varieties in a shaded seed bed in July to be transplanted when the cool weather comes in late August—National Garden Bureau.

### Dandelions, Regarded as Nuisance, Fine Greens

Yellow heads and green leaves of dandelions are among the first things to be up on lawns in spring. They are so early that they usually come along in the footsteps of the robin, spreading over the entire greensward so rapidly that grass is frequently crowded out.

"General nuisance" is the term dandelions go by wherever lawkeepers have the experience of trying to kill them, but in many sections cooks find they add another variety to the list of early vegetables—"greens" and salads. Experts' tests have verified the opinion of the practical cook. Tender dandelions can be made use of in various ways, according to home economic specialists.

One way to handle dandelions, according to Miss Katherine Howells of the home economics division, Iowa State college, is to cut off the roots, separate and thoroughly wash the leaves, dry them in a cloth, and "they should be marinated a few minutes before serving in French dressing seasoned with a few drops of onion juice." The leaves are also boiled in salted water until tender and served with butter and vinegar. They may be canned by the cold pack method.

### Veteran Waiter Finds Modern Appetite Weak

An American, visiting Manchester, England, not long ago, was brought in contact with a waiter who has served at every oyster feast there since 1902 and who complained of the degeneracy of the contemporary appetite.

"The capacity of the guests is not what it used to be," said this waiter. "I have often served fourteen dozen oysters to one man, and many guests would eat five or six dozen at the feast. Today few persons eat more than two and a half dozen."

Now this disconsolate waiter might brighten up if he had the opportunity of serving a customer like the man whom Brillat-Savarin celebrates in his "Physiologie du Gout." It is therein stated that when Brillat-Savarin lived at Versailles he frequently just a M. Laporte, who was very fond of oysters, but who complained that he could never get his fill of them. The famous gastronomist determined to satisfy this man once for all and invited him to dinner. He kept pace with Laporte up to the third dozen and then allowed him to proceed alone. He swallowed oysters steadily for more than an hour, and Brillat-Savarin had to stop him after the thirty-second dozen, just as he had remarked that he was beginning to enjoy his treat. The two men then dined and Laporte acquitted himself with the vigor and appetite of a man who had been long fasting.

### Sweden's Ingenious Way of Saving Electricity

Sweden is one of the most prolific users of electricity. Her streams and waterfalls have been so successfully harnessed that electric power is cheap. The average housekeeper probably uses a greater variety of electric stoves, heaters and labor-saving devices than her sister in America. Even the farmers use electric power to an extent unknown in other countries.

There are said to be more electric bulbs used per capita in Sweden than in other countries, not excepting America, but certainly far less current is used. Economy practiced in lighting flats and apartments in Swedish cities is a surprise to the American traveler. At an early hour in the evening the halls and staircases are dark, except when the lights are turned on automatically from the front door. The scheme is highly ingenious. When a tenant reaches home and turns his key in the front door, the halls are instantly aglow with light. These continue to burn, however, only long enough to enable the tenant to reach the top floor, when they are automatically shut off. The length of time they burn has been carefully calculated to allow the tenant to reach the top floor and no more. If he lingers on the way he must grope his way in the dark.

### Early English Journalism

J. O. Muddiman has written the life of his ancestor, Henry Muddiman, who founded the London Gazette in 1665 under the title "The King's Journalist," 1665-1689. The book throws fascinating insights upon a period of English history which has never yet been fully explored, and upon the real beginnings of English journalism. Muddiman's "News Letters," from 1687 to 1689, the manuscripts of which have been at Longleat, Wiltshire, since 1704, have been carefully examined. Mr. Muddiman compares the life of a journalist of those far-off days with that of the present. "A remarkable contrast," he writes, "to a modern editor journeying to his daily work by the underground railway was presented by the bewigged seventeenth century news writer, mounted on horseback and traveling to Whitehall or the 'Seven Stars' in the Strand, armed with a sword and a brace of pistols in his holster, because of the foot-pads of Knightsbridge."

### Radio Lullabies

The pleasure of being sung to sleep is no longer a monopoly of the baby. The whole household can now relax and fall asleep to music by radio. Circuits running from a central receiving set in the living room run to loudspeakers or headphones in every room in a New York editor's house. By means of a clock switch, the whole system can be left running for any predetermined time.

### Stringless Bean Devil

Few know that the man who took the string out of string beans was Calvin N. Keeney of Le Roy, N. Y. Mr. Keeney went through the bean patch and picked out the beans that were minus the strings. Whenever he found one he would save the beans and repeated this year after year, and eventually secured a supply of genuine stringless beans.

### Mixed Pleasures

"How did you enjoy the week-end festivities?" "Splendidly. We danced all night. When we went home in the morning we had a radio service from the church (with bell-ringing), and breakfast in bed!"—Stockholm Svenska Nisse.

### How Difficult

"Do you know what that girl at the sweetmeat counter weighs?" "No." "Why, sweetmeats, of course!"—Kasper, Stockholm.

### Taking Chances

"A bootlegger takes a great many chances." "Not as many," rejoined Uncle Bill Rottleup, "as his customer."



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**PHARMACIST,**  
362 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

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ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their residence or place of business should make application to the office, Marlborough street, near Thames.

### High Forms of Life May Exist on Planets

The brilliant advent of the planet Venus in the evening firmament coincides in point of time with a new declaration of belief by astronomers that the nebulous cloud appearing in the constellation Sagittarius is another universe beyond our own. It revives interest in the time-worn discussion of the possibility that high forms of life exist on other planets. Not long ago a Harvard astronomer, Dr. Harlow Shapley, had expressed the opinion that Venus might be "inhabited"; photographic disclosures with reference to the tiny cloud speck in Sagittarius, which has been catalogued as N. G. C. 6822, persuaded scientists that speculation need not be confined to the relatively limited field of our own solar system. Worlds beyond worlds, universes beyond universes, beckon the investigator on.

It is interesting to compare the newer views of Shapley and others with those of other scientists like Alfred Russell Wallace, who in his "Man's Place in the Universe" argued by a negative process of exclusion not only for the unity of the vast stellar system which we see around us but also for the non-existence of life elsewhere than on our world. Shapley and Wallace agree in the main development of protoplasm. Scientists generally incline to assume a protoplasmic ancestor to the Shapley school would concede that the animal man may not be duplicated in other systems. Scientific opinion, too, holds tenaciously to the theory that matter is uniform throughout the universe.

The conditions necessary to life on a planet, as Shapley enumerates them, are that its sun must be essentially constant in brightness, that distance from the sun must fall within certain limits, that its orbit must not be too elliptical lest fatal variations occur, that mass must be neither too small to attract and hold atmosphere, nor so large as to create excessively violent meteorological conditions, that rotation must differ from revolution, that there shall be a fairly high axis of rotation, and that there shall be the definite chemical constituency of air, land and water which is assumed to be necessary to the maintenance of life.—Portland Oregonian.

### Misquoted Quotations

It is surprising how many "familiar quotations" are recited wrongly. Many people make a hash of a phrase from Gray's Elegy. They say, "Far from the madding crowd," instead of "madding" the word the poet coined and used. Similarly they say that some one is seeking "fresh fields and pastures new," whereas Milton wrote "fresh woods."

Then there is the misconception which attributes civil warfare to the passionately patriotic ancient Greeks, who stood so valiantly side by side in defense of their country.

It is an insult to these heroes to say "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." The quotation says, "When Greek joins Greek"—that is to say, when they stood shoulder to shoulder they were almost impossible to overcome.—Columbia.

### Suspicious

There was an elderly washerwoman who had a proposal from a young man as she bent over her washtub.

The proposal made the washerwoman very thoughtful. She washed for some minutes in silence. Then she looked at the young man closely and said:

"Are ye sure ye love me?"

"I sure am," said he.

She went on with her washing again. Then she stopped once more. She looked at the young man more closely than ever.

"Ye ain't lost yer job, have ye?" she said.

### Missing

Two young business men shared the same bedroom in a Hoodsbury boarding house.

"I say, George," said one, "would you lend me your green necktie this evening?"

"Why, certainly," was the reply; "but why all the formality?"

"I can't find it."

### Relatively Safe

The Customer—Do you guarantee the safety of this razor?

The Salesman—Absolutely. There's never yet been a fatal accident reported from its use.

## Italian Clover Is Not Favored

Not Sufficiently Resistant to Cold Weather and Is Susceptible to Disease.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Because Italian red clover is not sufficiently resistant to cold weather and is particularly susceptible to disease, Dr. A. J. Pieters and Mr. Edgar Brown of the United States Department of Agriculture, addressing the meeting of the Wholesale Grass Seed Dealers at Chicago, recommended that no red clover seed of Italian origin be imported and that in certain sections where the winters are severe, no foreign-grown red clover seed be used. Observations and careful tests made in many parts of the country by the department and state experiment stations have provided ample proof that these recommendations are justified.

Wherever Italian red clover seed has been tried, with the exception of the Pacific Northwest, the result has been low yields or total failures in most cases, and when unusually favorable conditions produced a fairly satisfactory first crop there was little second growth. Where winter conditions are not so severe or where the snow covering has afforded protection against the cold the other foreign red clover has done fairly well, and because the supply of home-grown seed is not sufficient it is necessary to use it.

### Yields Compared.

Actual tests at a number of stations show how seed from various sources produced in the United States. At Ashland, Wis., red clover from Chile produced a first cutting of 3.77 tons per acre; French seed produced 2.8 tons; Bohemian, 3.2 tons; and home-grown seed from Idaho, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Ohio and Oregon averaged 2.83 tons. Here the heavy snows covering reduced the effect of the severe winter. At Spooner, Wis., where conditions were more severe last year, the Chilean seed produced 1.84 tons; the French, 1.84; Bohemian, 1.97; and United States seed 2.19 tons per acre. At Marshfield, Wis., the yields of all lots were less, Chilean producing 1.8 tons, French 1.5, Bohemian 1.4 and United States 1.6 tons. At East Lansing, Mich., the Michigan seed produced 2.48 tons, other United States seed yielded 2.18; Chilean produced 2.52 tons; French 2.25, and Bohemian 1.94 tons. The clover grown from Michigan seed made a stronger seed growth than any of the others, although the European, with the exception of the Italian, did very well.

At College Park, Md., Chilean seed made 2.82 tons; seed from Ohio produced 2.94 tons; French seed 2.42; Bohemian 2.08; Maryland seed 2.42; and Tennessee 2.22. At Blacksburg, Va., Chilean seed produced 1.87 tons; French 1.85; Bohemian 1.19; and a number of lots from different parts of the United States averaged 1.69 tons. At the State college, Pennsylvania, the foreign clovers, except the Italian, out-yielded that grown from American seed, but whether or not this was due to some unusual circumstance has not yet been determined.

Results have shown that in most cases American red clover seed is more satisfactory than foreign-grown seed, but the crop grown here is insufficient to meet the demand. An average annual importation of 10,000,000 pounds is needed to make up the deficiency of red and alsike seed. If all foreign seed were poor the department would not recommend its importation even in the face of the great shortage, but tests have shown that certain strains do well here in certain sections where the weather is not too severe. There is great need to increase the production of clover seed in this country.

### Much Seed Imported

It was brought out before the seed dealers that between July 1, 1923, and January 15, 1924, more than 8,700,000 pounds of red clover seed had been imported, and that nearly 300,000 pounds of it had been brought from Italy. In addition, about 200,000 of the seed shipped from other parts of Europe is thought to have originated in Italy. Considering the known and suspected Italian seed, it seems that about 8 per cent of the imported red clover seed is of the kind which will not produce a satisfactory crop except, possibly, in the Pacific Northwest. The seed importation act administered by the Department of Agriculture, makes certain requirements as to purity, presence of weed seeds and vitality, but these requirements do not make it possible to bar this seed which is germinable enough and clean enough, but not adapted to our conditions.

The representatives of the department called the attention of the seed dealers to the prevalence of anthracnose disease of red clover, which is sometimes severe from Washington, D. C., to Tennessee and northern Alabama. It affects the second crop of all clovers, foreign and domestic, and even the first crop may be destroyed. There are resistant strains and it is important that they be developed and the seed put on the commercial market. At present most of our northern-grown domestic seed is as liable to this disease as the imported strains with the exception of the Italian, which is the most susceptible.

At present the only protection for the farmer is to insist on information as to the source of the red clover seed offered for sale and in buying only from reliable firms and organizations. If Italian seed is sold as domestic or under some other name much harm may be done, both to the farmers and the seed trade.

## Chickens and Eggs Help Improve Home

Poultry Products Favored to Increase Incomes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farm women of Charleston, county, S. C., sold 5,441 pounds of poultry and 10,388 dozen eggs during 1923, as compared with 600 pounds of market poultry and 1,000 dozen eggs in 1920. This large increase in three years was accomplished, on the part of extension workers co-operatively directed by the United States Department of Agriculture and the state agricultural colleges, by constantly emphasizing the value of pure bred poultry and of the need of grading all products. The home demonstration agent rendered all possible assistance in the marketing of these products, but the good results are attributed largely to the fact that at every meeting held, no matter what subject was discussed, poultry was advised as a means of increasing the home income. Out of 135 women enrolled in home demonstration work, 70 improved their flocks by the purchase of standard-bred cockerels or baby chicks.

In addition to selling poultry, 8,337 pounds of butter and fresh vegetables, amounting to \$2,369.50, were sold in the county. The money earned by the women in these ways was divided into three portions. One part was laid away for a rainy day, one part was spent in supplying special needs of the children or for food or clothing, and the third part was spent for home improvements. Among these improvements, 23 houses were remodeled by having additions, new floors, or new lighting systems. Eleven women bought gasoline irons, two made wheel trays, and four bought kitchen cabinets; 15 painted fruit trees and 138 planted local trees and shrubs to beautify the home grounds.

## Alfalfa Hay Tends to Insure Strong Litters

Alfalfa hay fed to sows during the winter months tends to insure healthy litters of pigs. Alfalfa is rich in protein and minerals and furnishes these elements at low cost. There are three ways in which it can be fed: Let the sows eat it from the stack, feed it in a suitable rack, or add about five or ten pounds of chopped alfalfa or alfalfa leaves to 100 pounds of a grain mixture. The leaves can be gathered up from the barn floor where the hay is pitched from the mow.

Some suggested rations suitable for a 250-pound sow are as follows: Alfalfa hay, five or six ears of corn, one-fourth pound of tankage; alfalfa hay, two or three pounds of corn; alfalfa hay, three or four pounds of grain, one gallon of skim milk. For young gilts the proportion of tankage to corn or grain may be increased.

## Whole Milk Superior for Fattening Young Calves

There is nothing quite equal to whole milk for fattening young calves. This practice provides real of the highest quality. If one cow does not supply enough milk to give the calf all that it will consume, then two nurse cows may be provided. Make sure that the calf is confined in a box stall heavily bedded and darkened. This will prompt him to lie down a greater part of the time, and it is inactivity of the muscles, coupled with lots of milk, that makes real of the best quality.

## Comfortable Pig Gains

A fall pig that weighs 150 pounds along in February that is eating a pound and a half a day out in the open, will just about hold his own in weight. The same pig, in a warm, sheltered place, that is stimulated thereby to eat six pounds of feed, will make about a pound and a half gain per day. In the former case the pound and a half of feed, productively speaking, is lost because no gain is made from it; in the latter case the six pounds produces a pound and a half gain.

## Farm Notes

Sweet clover makes ideal pasture for sheep.

Inoculation has been proven to be quite a figure in inducing clover stands to come satisfactorily.

Farmers with roadside markets should take a tip from city advertisers and start their signs several miles down the road.

Since extension work began the county agents have been responsible for 2,500,000 farmers changing their farming practices.

Kerosene emulsion is one of the oldest and most effective of home-made remedies for sucking insects. It is used in fighting sucking insects having soft bodies.

A few days spent in hauling straw and filling the gutters in fields may pay better than an equal amount of time spent trying to grow crops where the soil is slipping away.

A good house powder to use on cattle during cold weather is made from one-half saltpetre and one-half sulphur. Rub well into the wrinkles on the neck, head and other places where lice hide.

## Tailor-Made Is Most Important

Newest Fashion Note Promises to Be Forced Into Early Discard.

Because the tailor-made note is the newest one in fashions of the moment it is stressed as the most important, says a fashion writer in the New York Herald. Already the makers are complaining that it will be overdone, that the afternoon clothes for older women and the evening gowns are being neglected. It is too much copied and exploited, they say, to long endure.

This may in a measure be true, but the unobtrusiveness of the dark colors used will be a factor in preserving its popularity and usefulness, and sometimes after a flare of overpopularity a mode settles down into being an accepted fact, and a simple mode has many more chances of survival than the more extreme types copied for the sake of novelty.

A tailored dress made to order is a thing so different of imitation that there is not much chance of it being duplicated to any great extent. There are as many ways to adapt it to the individuality of the wearer as there would be if it were an afternoon dress and no one advocates abolishing them because they have become wearisome. Certainly a review of the ones offered by the makers in Paris reveals an endless number of ideas and decidedly more than in some of the other types.

In the first place the silhouette of the tailored dress is very much diversified by the addition of circular flounces at the front or all the way around, by plaits and by panels of all descriptions, by being pinched in at one side or at both and by hanging straight in tunic fashion. Sleeves also present all the variations that it is possible to have in the daytime, from the ultra-smart long light-fitting ones with sharp-pointed cuffs to dresses almost without sleeves.

### Simple Dress Most Successful.

Philippe de Gaston has been very successful this season with unusually simple dresses. In them the long, narrow belted waistline is used and the long, fairly tight sleeve. In one dress the main feature of the decoration consists of insets of the top running in contrary direction to the rest of the material, beginning with a perpendicular cut of material in the blouse and horizontal in the skirt. A long, very narrow vest is of white tucked material, with collar in match. With this simple dress, quite complete in itself, is a straight jacket with bands of crosswise material running the length of the fronts.

The inset vest is a marked characteristic of the tailored mode from this house; for it again appears in a model of dark blue rep with vest of white silk embroidered in severe points all around the edges. So deep in this vest that the lower part of it is crossed by the belt. In this model note, too, the increased height of the collar and the manner in which it stands frankly up around the chin.

All that has been said about the straight unchanged silhouette seems to be merely a matter of comparison. In many of its latest manifestations it cannot be called straight and still make use of the circular flounce without varying in some degree. The straight unbelted dress sometimes combines with this circular flounce in an acceptable manner.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Dracoll makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue



A Vest of White Silk, Embroidered in Blue, Is a Feature of This Catchy Model.

trimmed with red. From the bateau neck line straight tucks extend well below the hip line, where a square section is outlined with a narrow band of the tucks, the square having the effect of a large patch pocket. At a line just above the knees the circular flounce is set on. In this dress it is used at the back as well as in the front. Narrow bands of the material constitute the sleeves, the tucking running the up-and-down way of the sleeves. Very simple this dress, but perhaps one of the most interesting of Dracoll's simple models.

Buttons on Black Kasha Model.

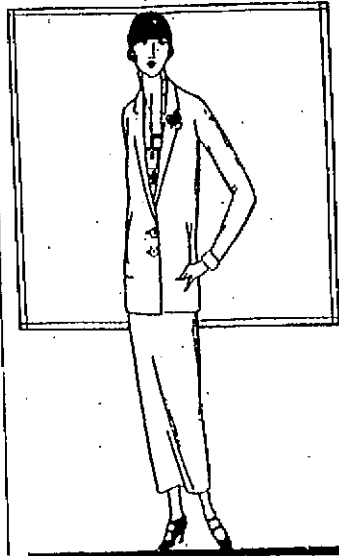
A black kasha dress has a line of the buttons as a trimming set on a band of white extending the length of the

tunic, which is belted and ends just below the knees. A white scarf is part of the design of this dress.

Shadow plaids in black with halings and plaids in colors are frequent. A black-and-white plaid, or rather a black ground material with a scarcely visible cross bar in white, is made with a detachable cape of the same material lined in red and trimmed with red kid at the sides simulating a girle.

O'Hosen, who is counted an authority in suits, has presented his spring versions of the tailored type. The slightly fitted or pinched-in jacket is among the ones which have caused comment. It follows the generally accepted straight lines except that at each side above the slot pocket a little inverted plait catches in the fullness in an easy manner. Another suit by this maker has panels at each side of the front, ending in a curved bound pocket trimmed with small buttons.

Several of the other makers are showing suits accenting the curved manner in a slightly fitted line which,



Two Small Plaits at the Sides Give the Slight Pinched-In Effect in This Suit.

contrary to the treatment of O'Hosen, allows the bottom of the jacket to set out from the hips with a suggestion of a flare.

### Dress With Wide Flare.

A Doucet sheath dress makes use of an entirely different silhouette, one in which the wide flare at the bottom is not to be ignored. The sheath extends well down over the hips with a pinched-in movement and a consequent slight blousing at the normal waistline.

From the dipped line at the front a circular apron hangs in rather soft folds almost to the bottom of the close-fitting skirt. Following the atmosphere of the circular apron are sleeves with a circular flare attached at the elbows. The neck of this dress is indicative of the trend to rounder lines than that of the bateau, just escaping being classified as the latter.

A dress very much like the last one described has a plaited tunic instead of the circular apron, thus keeping the silhouette in the straight class rather than the flaring.

Lenief makes concession to the circular silhouette in a chic model with wide embroidered collars and cuffs and full circular skirt hanging in folds almost like box plaits. Navy blue crepe de laine is the material of this dress and the collar is white georgette embroidered in blue, with a bright blue tie of crepe worn in an artist's bow and hanging nearly to the waistline.

A wide sash pulled tightly about the hips is greatly in evidence in many of the models both for afternoon and for the earlier hours of the day. Its essential difference from the wide girle of the current models lies in the fact that it is used frequently with a straight waist above and as part of it. Below the girle the skirt, apron or plaiting appear independent of the portion above. In other words, it is part of the waist and is not merely a width of the material flared around a straight chemise dress. Just how this effect is achieved is not easily seen, but the result is new and rather attractive.

### Attractive Dress of Beige Crepe.

A coat dress of beige crepe by Lenief has an unusual line running from one side of the standing collar to the opposite side of the waist, forming a triangular inset at the side of the surplined top of the dress, the revers being lined with black satin. At the left side of the dress a wide flat bow of the satin serves as fastening and heads the circular part of the skirt. This circular flare appears at the left side only.

One can scarcely imagine anything more satisfying in its simplicity than the dress for morning wear by Jean Patou. It is, as are many of these morning-hour gowns made of rep; in this model navy blue is used and the trimming is a revival of the wool embroidery of a few seasons ago.

### In Oriental Manner

More and more women are wearing their hair in the oriental manner. This is, of course, much like the Spanish, except that for evening a veil or scarf is used instead of a high comb, the whole effect being sleek and low instead of sleek and high.

**Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

## DRIVER ANTS HAVE OWN SOCIAL SYSTEM

Called the Most Industrious Creatures in Africa.

Most interesting of the insects of Africa are the driver ants, for they seem to have a social system so complete as almost to deserve the name of civilization. They are, writes Prof. H. L. Garner in the Century Magazine, the most industrious creatures in Africa.

The natives call them *kyungu*, a word that is often heard as a cry of warning among them when they meet a column on the march. The drivers seem to be forever on the go. If they have permanent abodes, no one in Africa ever found them.

The colonies often number millions of ants, and each ant has its particular place and its regular duties. The individual members of a colony are divided into three distinct kinds, and each is necessary to the welfare of the whole community. The smallest of the three types is about three-eighths of an inch in length, of slender proportions, very agile in its movements and with comparatively small mandibles. These ants appear virtually to be slaves; they perform most of the manual work of the community and carry most of the burdens.

The ants next in size are about half an inch long, of stouter proportions, with bodies more compactly built and with mandibles somewhat larger than the lower class. They constitute the yeomanry, and they direct the affairs of the community, control the movements of the colony and act as scouts in exploring for food. Building or clearing the roadways forms part of their work also, and when the colony builds its wonderful bridges across narrow crevices, puddles or streams their bodies form the network of the structure.

Those bridges are the most ingenious and marvelous specimens of insect engineering to be seen anywhere in the world. When completed, a bridge looks much like a telephone receiver with flares at both ends instead of at one. It is composed of the bodies of hundreds and thousands of ants clinging together to form the bridge over which the rest of the community passes in safety. The bridges are made up of five or six sections, and it is difficult to imagine anything more uniform in pattern or delicate in structure than the amber spans of living insects. I have seen bridges hold fast for hours while the colony passed over. When the last ant has crossed the bridge slowly begins to disintegrate, and the colony proceeds on its way.

The third caste—if it can be so called—is made up of soldiers, large, strong and well provided by nature for their duties.

### Getting a Prize

Every day since they had started housekeeping his bride had given him the same kind of breakfast food, and finally he mustered up courage to make a gentle inquiry.

"How does it happen that we have this every morning?" he asked.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed. "They give blue coupons with each package, and for 100 coupons you can get the loveliest rocking chair. You have only to eat 90 more packages!"

### Ice Cream for Heat

With the thermometer near zero one early morning, a Chicago man who directs the operation of a score of newspapers considered it a good idea to give the boys some food to help them combat the cold. So he invited them all into a restaurant.

"Now order what you want, so you'll be able to keep warm when you go out on the street."

And every mother's son of them ordered ice cream.—Everybody's Magazine.

### Circumstantial

Following a dinner of savans, a certain professor of psychology thought he would test a colored clock-attendant as to his memory. Although the professor pretended to have mislaid his check, the boy without hesitation handed him the right hat.

"How did you know this one is mine?" asked the learned man.

"Ah don't know dat, sah."

"Then why did you give it to me?"

"Cause you give it to me when you come in, sah."—The Forecaster.

### Neglected

It was a sleepy sort of day, the class was about half the usual size and the prof was calling the roll in a half-absent manner. To each name some one had answered "here" until the name Smith was called. Silence reigned supreme for a moment only to be broken by the prof's voice.

"My word! Hasn't Mr. Smith any friends here?"—Humbug.

### Not Remarkable

A man was very vain about his singing. Called on to give a song at a party, he complied immediately.

"Now, my lad," he said to a small boy, when he had finished, "what have you to remark about my singing?"

"Nothing!" said the bored youth. "It is not remarkable."

### Used for Ballast

Miss Ponderosa—I thank you ever so much for the lovely ride you've given me.

Henry Carr—The pleasure was mine. My car runs so much easier with about 200 pounds weight on the rear seat.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 11, 1874

At the coming city election there are to be at least three candidates in the field for mayor; which will defeat the election at the first trial. Gen. Arnold L. Burdick has announced himself a candidate, and the friends of Henry H. Fay have already put his name in the list.

The following Lodges and Encampments have accepted the invitation of Rhode Island Lodge to be present at the celebration of the 55th anniversary on the 27th: Narragansett Encampment, Mazonia Encampment, Uncas Encampment, and Unity Lodge, all of Providence. A parade will take place in the forenoon, followed by a dinner at the Academy of Music, and in the evening a grand ball.

James Gordon Bennett has rented the Cushing cottage on the Avenue for the coming season.

Alfred Smith informs us that he has rented seventy-three furnished cottages for the coming season at rents from \$400 up to \$5,000. He has now about fifty more to rent. He has made thirty-five sales of real estate in the last ninety days, amounting to \$167,746.07.

In the year 1873 five thousand nine hundred and twenty arrests for drunkenness were made in Providence.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal, "Bald Mountain seems to have quieted down now, and some of the people around there are beginning to fear they got religion a good while before there was really any necessity for it."

Three new houses are going up on Francis street, with a prospect of two more soon. This part of the city is outgrowing all other parts.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 15, 1899

Monday night the organization of Aquidneck Chapter, of the Order of the Eastern Star was completed. The officers of the Grand Chapter were present and, assisted by the officers of the Pawtucket and Woonsocket Chapters, the beautiful ritual of the Order was exemplified in a very impressive manner. The officers of Aquidneck Chapter were elected and installed. The new Chapter starts off with nearly one hundred members.

A mail bag was lost between here and Boston on March 17. It contained many checks, both of the banks and private individuals, but as far as known the only loss to anyone is in the trouble caused to issue duplicate checks. How a mail bag could be lost between here and Boston no one seems to be able to tell.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the residence of the bride on Pleasant street on Tuesday. Rev. Dr. Randolph officiated and united in marriage William G. Kerr and Miss Jennie S. King. After a collation had been served and congratulations received, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr left town for an extended wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Landers, Jr., have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence on Calvert street.

Coal from the Coal Mines in Portsmouth, operated by the New England Compressed Coal Company, has been placed on the market and is giving good satisfaction.

Mr. Daniel Brown, Carrier No. 1 at the Postoffice, died at his home on Broadway at an early hour Monday morning, after an illness of several months' duration. Mr. Brown enlisted in the Twelfth Rhode Island Regiment during the Civil War, receiving wounds at the battle of Fredericksburg.

Rev. Henry Morgas Stone assumed the duties as rector of Trinity Church last Sunday; his assistant, Rev. Ernest J. Dennen, also entering upon his work at the same time.

All real estate men predict a very prosperous season for Newport. Let us hope that their predictions will prove true.

Our Portsmouth fellow citizens have just passed through about as warm a political contest as have the people of Newport. It took a very careful recount to settle who was elected.

Darius Allen, the Rhode Island weather prophet, whom the residents of the western part of the state have sworn by, and have recently sworn to, says we shall have a cold, disagreeable summer with a snow storm in August. Foster, the very accurate Mercury prophet, says the coming summer will be hot; too hot. (The result proved the Mercury prophet correct.)

There is a new Society formed in this city under the name of Descendants of Founders and Settlers on Aquidneck Island prior to 1844.

400-Ton Granite Block. Near Copenhagen a block of granite weighing more than 400 tons was lifted from the ocean bed and moved to a place miles distant. In the same neighborhood hurricanes drove far up on the shore sheets of ice that, when melted, left piles of ocean ed rocks, chains and parts of sunken vessels.

STARTED ON THEIR LONG JOURNEY

The round the world fliers left Seattle Sunday morning, after a delay of seventeen days. There are four of these United States army planes equipped for this long flight of some 39,000 miles, which will more than once and a half encircle the globe, in the most direct line, and is expected to take some four months in accomplishing. Their route from Seattle is up the Pacific coast to Sitka, Alaska, and out over the Aleutians to the Island of Attu, thence to Shimushu Island, Japan, and on down to Nagasaki. From Japan the route leads to Shanghai and Canton, China, and on to Hanoi, in French Indo-China, thence to Mandalay, Calcutta, Delhi and Karachi, all in India. Thence the course lies across Persia, Iraq (Mesopotamia), Syria and Turkey to Constantinople. From there the route extends over Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Austria, to Munich and Strasbourg, Germany, then to Paris and London. From England the fliers will take either the northern course over Iceland and Greenland and down to Labrador, or touch at the Azores and then cross the Atlantic to St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The first major section of the route is from Seattle to Shimushu, Japan. The aviators hope to cross the second section (Japan and China) early in June, after the rainy season. They hope to reach England early in August so as to cross the Atlantic before the storm season begins.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S BIBLE QUESTIONS

- 1-God parted the waters of the river Jordan and the Israelites crossed on dry land.
- 2-Christ was born in a stable.
- 3-Samson's great strength was in his hair.
- 4-The scattering of mankind over all the earth happened in the days of Peleg.
- 5-Terah was Abram's father.
- 6-The river Nile turning into blood was Egypt's first plague.
- 7-Frogs and lice were the second and third plagues of Egypt.
- 8-Three angels appeared to Abraham in the form of men.
- 9-Rachel was guilty of stealing her father's images.
- 10-God called Gideon to lead Israel against the Midianites.
- 11-A terrible famine swept Egypt and Canaan while Joseph was there.
- 12-When they reached the promised land, the Israelites took Jericho first.
- 13-Delilah had Samson's head shaved.
- 14-David was at Kiklag when the decisive battle between Saul and the Philistines was fought.
- 15-David ordered his soldiers to kill the man who had killed Saul.
- 16-David left a song of lamentation as a record of his love for Saul and Jonathan.
- 17-David was 30 years old when all Israel came to anoint him King.
- 18-David burnt the gods of the Philistines.

MORE BIBLE QUESTIONS

- 1-With whom did Daniel go to Babylon?
- 2-Who was Caesar Augustus?
- 3-What is the meaning of "Satan" and "the devil"?
- 4-Of what nation were the soldiers who rescued Paul?
- 5-After what form was man created?
- 6-How was the Garden of Eden watered?
- 7-Where is the allotted age of man now recorded in the Bible?
- 8-What does the apostle in Hebrew 11:5 say of Enoch?
- 9-When did Noah preach to the wicked people?
- 10-What mighty nations have their origin given in chapters 10 and 11 of Genesis?
- 11-Where was Canaan?
- 12-What is it now called?
- 13-What was used for a burnt offering?
- 14-What line of procedure was followed out in giving this offering?
- 15-How much of the book of Isaiah is historical?
- 16-To what place was Ezekiel carried a captive?
- 17-In whose reign did Micah prophesy?
- 18-What was the meaning of the peace offering?

Meaning of "Stone Age."

The term "Stone age" is commonly used to denote the earliest recognized stage in the development of human culture as defined by the materials used by man for weapons, utensils, etc. The phrase is somewhat misleading, since it is probable that primitive man made use of wood and other perishable materials to a far greater extent than of stone, and consequently the stage is defined by the prevailing material of the relics which have survived, not by that of actual implements in common use.

Preserving Honey.

Extracted honey can be kept indefinitely if it has been fully ripened before extracting, and if it is not exposed to the moisture of the air. It usually crystallizes in a few weeks or months, but may be liquefied at any time, and will retain its flavor and consistency indefinitely.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

The Democratic State Convention to nominate delegates to the National Convention in New York in July, was held in Providence on Tuesday, when 14 delegates were chosen to represent the party in this state, all pledged to support Governor Smith of New York for President. The delegates and alternates are: Delegates—Gov. Flynn, Lt. Gov. Toupin, Patrick H. Quinn, James E. Dunne, Mrs. Jane A. Newton, Mrs. Susan Sharpe Adams, Mrs. Isabelle Ahern O'Neill, Mrs. Julia T. Myers, William H. Thornley, Harvey A. Baker, Luigi de Pasquale, Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan of Newport, Herve J. LeGage, and Mayor Joseph A. Dolan of Central Falls. Alternates: Albert A. Archambault, Michael F. Costello, John Barone, Mrs. Mary A. Meade, Mrs. Mary J. Lynch, Mrs. Alice W. Troy, Mrs. Isabelle M. Busch, Dr. Charles A. White, Patrick J. Murphy of Newport, John C. Mahoney, Miss Elizabeth Burns, Mrs. Rose A. Voault, Edward L. Singsen, Mrs. Catherine G. F. Blake.

The resolutions adopted condemned the acts before Congress pertaining to the oil scandals and other political matters, upholding the Democratic filibuster in the state senate, commending the Lieutenant Governor of the state for his acts as presiding officer of the senate, praising the General Treasurer Knowles and Attorney General Carpenter for their acts, condemning the Republican resolutions against the K. K. K. passed the day before, as insincere.

The convention was presided over by Theodore Francis Greene of Providence.

BLOCK ISLAND

Old Timers Organize

The Old Timers Club have organized a baseball team and are anxious to cross bats with Capt. Josiah Peckham's Jitney Ball Tossers on some Saturday afternoon in the near future. For the Old Timers Capt. Jerry Littlefield has signed up the following talent: Catcher, Irving Ball; 1st Base, Bill Dodge; 2nd Base, Oscar Willis; Short stop, Hiram Willis; 3rd Base, Dick Steadman. Other candidates who have been ordered out to practice on Wednesday afternoon include Zeke Rose, Leslie Dodge, George A. Mitchell, and Channing Littlefield. Sam Maloot, Harold Littlefield and Rastus Sprague are being held in reserve for the pitching staff.

The proceeds of the game in view will be turned over to the local Improvement Society for the construction of a cement sidewalk to extend from the Old Harbor to the Surf Hotel.

The Willing Workers of the Free Baptist Church at the West Side held their weekly meeting with Mrs. John Dodge last Wednesday. Refreshments were served by the hostesses.

MIDDLETOWN

Miss Amy Demery, of the Rhode Island College of Education, is spending her Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Demery.

The Berkeley Sewing Class met with Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham. There was a large attendance, the older girls learning to make a bound pocket while the younger girls played games. New officers were elected for the ensuing year, as follows: President, Miss Priscilla Peckham; Secretary, Miss Pauline Peckham. Plans for the future were discussed. The next meeting will be on April 19, at the home of Miss Peckham, the leader.

The millinery class of the Newport County Farm Bureau was held at the home of Mrs. John H. Peckham, under the direction of Miss Laura Piedra, the home demonstration agent, assisted by Mrs. Powers, from one of the Newport classes. Ten members are making silk hats and two members hats of straw and silk.

PORTSMOUTH

Miss Rose Faulkner has returned to her home in Fall River after spending a few days with Miss Isabelle F. Fish.

Miss Jessie Napier has gone to New York to visit her brother and friends.

A cellar is being dug for the foundation of a house on the lot at the foot of Quaker Hill recently purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Chase.

Mr. Jethro H. Peckham attended the annual meeting of the Grand Council of Masons in Providence on Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Allen have returned to this town, where they have opened their home at the foot of Quaker Hill. They have been spending the winter in Providence.

Singing the Old Songs.

"Ah, for the old days!" sighed the old-fashioned young man. "The girls of today are not at all like their mothers used to be! Why, I'll bet you don't know what needles are for!" He glanced with scorn at the modern girl. "I do, too!" she flashed. "They're for phonographs!"—Wayside Tales.

The Hunter's Moon. "Hunter's Moon" was the name given to the lunation immediately following the harvest moon. Owing to the small angle that is made by this moon's orbit with the horizon, it rises, like the harvest moon, at the same hour for several days. It is so called, however, not because it enables the hunter to pursue his game at night, as is generally supposed, but because, the crops having been harvested in September, there is nothing to interfere with the sportsman's pleasure.

Irritating Gases Prevent Colds. Scientists have come upon the fact that men and women who work in factories where there are irritating gases rarely if ever suffer from colds. This is due to the gases acting as an irritant, keeping the membrane inside the nasal passages moist so that the germs do not lodge. For this reason elderly people once used snuff, it is said.

The Old Savannah. The Savannah was the first steamer to cross the Atlantic. On May 24, 1819, she left Savannah for Liverpool, which port was reached in 27 days; 80 hours of which time she was operated by steam power. The vessel was first constructed as a sailing packet, but an auxiliary engine and boiler with paddle-wheels were fitted before she was placed in service.

Language of Placids. In Scotland placids are worn for purposes of identification, signifying also the wearer's occupation, revealing whether he or she is engaged at the time in business, war or pleasure. Some of the "placids" now being worn here make a real Scotchman wonder if his boyhood study of clan insignia wasn't wasted.

Elemental Spirits. Elemental spirits were beings who, according to popular belief in the Middle Ages, presided over the four elements, living in and ruling them. The elemental spirits of fire were called salamanders, those of water, undines; those of air, sylphs, and those of earth, gnomes.

The Letter Was Mailed. Mistaking a fire box for a mail box, a New York man laid his letter on top and pulled the handle. Four engine companies, two fire trucks, a water tower, two battalion chiefs and a deputy chief arrived in great excitement. A fireman mailed the letter in a nearby mail box.

What's in Aurora Borealis. The aurora borealis consists of cathodic rays, which are composed of electric particles emitted by the sun at a speed of many thousand miles a second and so small that several millions placed side by side would not cover an inch.

Ice for Fruit. An average of 19 tons of ice is required for the refrigeration of a carload of fruit in transit between southern California and the Atlantic seaboard.

Three Accurate Clocks. Three clocks kept in a crypt in the Paris observatory, where the temperature practically never varies, are accurate to three ten-thousandths of a second a day.

Dig Up Fossils. The Chinese "mine" the 2,000,000-year-old fossilized remains of prehistoric animals for use as medicine, supply Chinese drug stores with "dragon's teeth" and "dragon's bones."

Washington Stayed at Home. Washington was never outside the confines of this country except when he accompanied to the West Indies his half-brother, Lawrence, from whom, later, he inherited Mt. Vernon.

Inventor Died Insane. Frederick Sauvage, who is credited with the invention of the screw propeller, was imprisoned and died bankrupt and insane.

Dickens of a Situation. At a lecture, if one is struggling to suppress a cough, he misses some of the lecture and if he doesn't struggle, somebody else misses it.

Rats Are Numerous. Rodents comprise more than one-third of all living species of mammals and exceed any other mammalian order in the number of individuals.

Right Again. "An argument," said Uncle Eben, "is most generally made up of two or more men trying to 'splain' somethin' dey don't none of 'em fully undersand."

Not Useless. No one is useless in the world who lightens the burdens of it for anyone else.—Charles Dickens.

Quite a Difference. Optimists talk about what they are going to do; pessimists about what others are not going to.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that Frank L. Tinkham of Taunton, Mass., has been appointed by the Probate Court of Middletown, R. I., Administrator with the will annexed of the estate in Rhode Island of George A. Read, late of said Taunton, deceased, has given bond and duly qualified as such Administrator. His appointed address is R. F. D. No. 2, Newport, R. I. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased in the State of Rhode Island are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court within six months from April 12, 1924, the date of the first advertisement of this notice. ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?  
USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE  
Newport Daily News  
EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this  
and they GET RESULTS  
CIRCULATION OVER 6400 DAILY  
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Large, Comfortable Staterooms Orchestra on each Steamer  
Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M.  
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COKE  
FOR SALE  
\$13.50 Per Ton Delivered  
\$12.00 Per Ton at Works  
60 cents per hundred pounds  
Newport Gas Light Co

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS  
Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court  
Newport, March 29, A. D. 1924.  
WHEREAS, Emily M. Parsonage, of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Emily M. Parsonage and Joseph B. Parsonage, now in parts -- the said Emily M. Parsonage, unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered.  
NOTICE is therefore hereby given to the said Joseph B. Parsonage of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1924, then and there to respond to said petition.  
SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.  
3-29-6w  
Probate Court of the City of Newport  
April 9th, 1924.  
Estate of Johanna Shea  
REQUEST in writing is made by Michael H. Sullivan of said Newport, a creditor of the estate of Johanna Shea, late of said Newport, deceased intestate, that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and referred to the Twenty-eighth day of April, instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE  
Estate of George A. Read  
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ADMINISTRATION NOTICE  
Estate of Evalina Read  
NOTICE is hereby given that Frank L. Tinkham of Taunton, Mass., has been appointed by the Probate Court of Middletown, R. I., Administrator with the will annexed of the estate in Rhode Island of Evalina Read, widow, late of said Taunton, deceased, has given bond and duly qualified as such Administrator. His appointed address is R. F. D. No. 2, Newport, R. I. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased in the State of Rhode Island are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court within six months from April 12, 1924, the date of the first advertisement of this notice. ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

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CRIMSON HEAT  
"Red It Is Good"  
DOES THE TRICK FOR PAINS and ACHES  
Caused by—Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Headache, Backache, Toothache, Stiff Neck, Cold in the Chest, Sore Throat, Sprains, Aching Joints, Strains, Sprains, Bruises.  
Nearly every day you have need for it in your home, you should keep it on hand always. Your druggist sells it in large, handy tubs, price 50c. If he hasn't it, send price direct to THE ALPEN CO., 1127 Main Street, St. Louis, Mo.  
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RAILWAY COMPANY  
Cars Leave Washington Square  
for Providence  
Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and  
each hour to 4:50  
Sundays—8:50 and each  
hour to 7:30